

## THE GARDENS OF ANCIENT AMERICA.

WHEN Christopher Columbus landed on the shores of the New World, he was so enchanted with the exuberant fertility of the soil, that he looked upon these till then unknown regions as the true land of promise, where the most poetic dreams were destined to be realized.

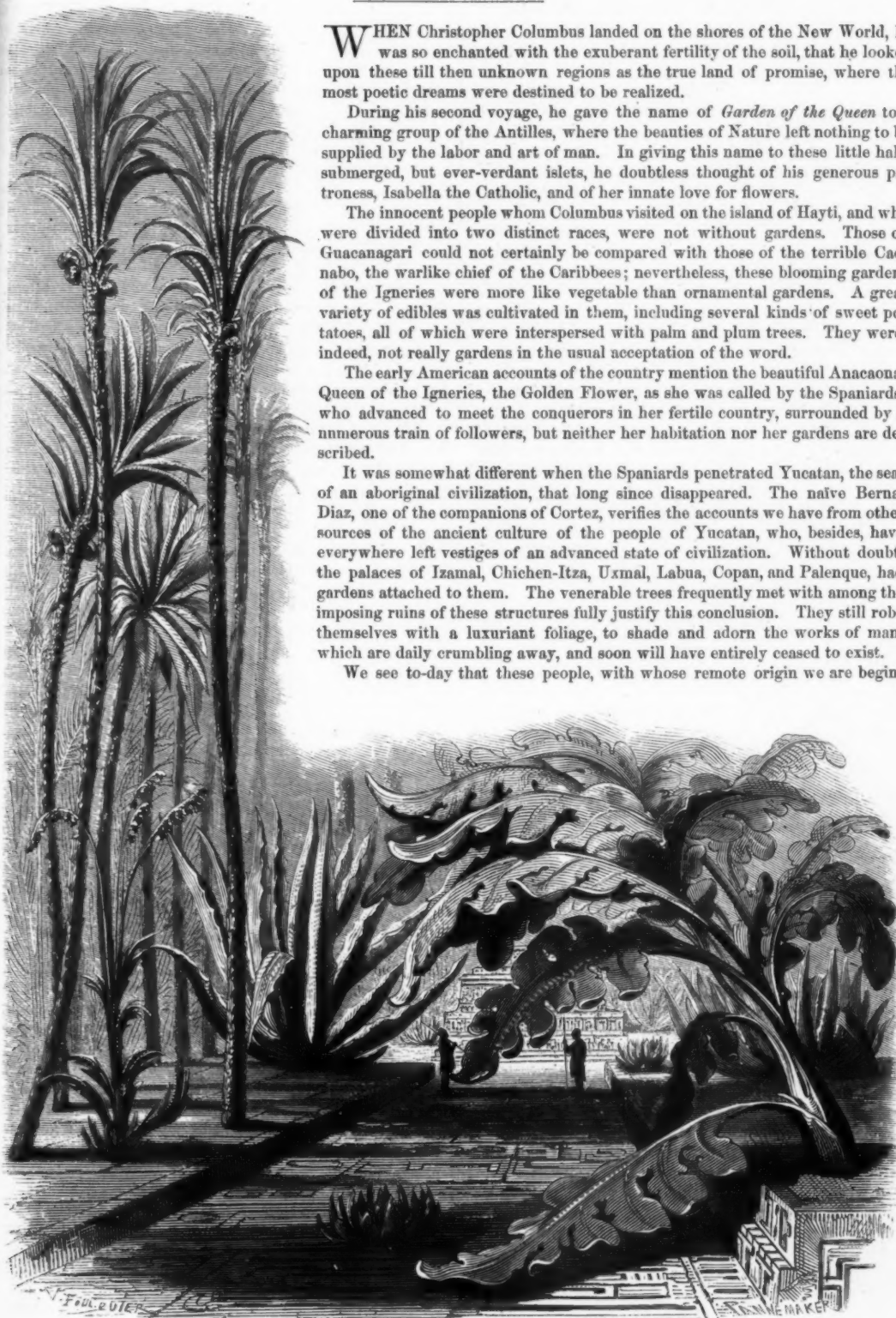
During his second voyage, he gave the name of *Garden of the Queen* to a charming group of the Antilles, where the beauties of Nature left nothing to be supplied by the labor and art of man. In giving this name to these little half-submerged, but ever-verdant islets, he doubtless thought of his generous patroness, Isabella the Catholic, and of her innate love for flowers.

The innocent people whom Columbus visited on the island of Hayti, and who were divided into two distinct races, were not without gardens. Those of Guacanagari could not certainly be compared with those of the terrible Caonabo, the warlike chief of the Caribbees; nevertheless, these blooming gardens of the Igneries were more like vegetable than ornamental gardens. A great variety of edibles was cultivated in them, including several kinds of sweet potatoes, all of which were interspersed with palm and plum trees. They were, indeed, not really gardens in the usual acceptation of the word.

The early American accounts of the country mention the beautiful Anacaona, Queen of the Igneries, the Golden Flower, as she was called by the Spaniards, who advanced to meet the conquerors in her fertile country, surrounded by a numerous train of followers, but neither her habitation nor her gardens are described.

It was somewhat different when the Spaniards penetrated Yucatan, the seat of an aboriginal civilization, that long since disappeared. The naïve Bernal Diaz, one of the companions of Cortez, verifies the accounts we have from other sources of the ancient culture of the people of Yucatan, who, besides, have everywhere left vestiges of an advanced state of civilization. Without doubt, the palaces of Izamal, Chichen-Itza, Uxmal, Labua, Copan, and Palenque, had gardens attached to them. The venerable trees frequently met with among the imposing ruins of these structures fully justify this conclusion. They still robe themselves with a luxuriant foliage, to shade and adorn the works of man, which are daily crumbling away, and soon will have entirely ceased to exist.

We see to-day that these people, with whose remote origin we are begin-



GARDEN OF THE INCA.

ning, by the aid of scientific research to become acquainted, were in matters of art and intellectual culture the primitive masters of the Aztecs, whose civilization so astonished Cortez and his followers, and which in some respects was superior to that of their Spanish conquerors. Gardens ornamented with a great variety of architectural wonders were spread out over the entire extent of the fertile plateau of Anahuac. The sovereign who reigned at Tezcuco about the middle of the fifteenth century, and who has been called the Solomon of the New World, Nezahualcoyatl, had within his dominions a number of gardens that were incomparably beautiful, and that served as models, half a century later, for those with which Montezuma ornamented his capital.

An historian descended directly from the kings of Tezcuco, Fernando de Alba Ixtlilxochitl (*the White Flower*), has given us a description of these grounds. The gardens of the American Athens lay to the south and west of the palace of Nezahualcoyatl, where he held his court and assembled the learned men of his empire, who formed a sort of university. They were supplied with aqueducts and filled with fountains, fish-ponds, and immense aviaries, and protected by a wood containing two thousand cedars, which still flourished at the period when our historian recorded the souvenirs that make his narrative so interesting.

The king of Tezcuco possessed not alone the gardens of Hueteopan and Cilan, which were among the chief ornaments of his capital; he had a number of others, the most celebrated of which was that of Tezcotzinco. Several were situated around a beautiful lake about forty-five miles long and seven miles wide. Some of these parks, according to Ixtlilxochitl, were gardens of acclimatization, where flowers and fruits of diverse regions were cultivated. The King of Tezcuco did not, however, content himself with these ornamental gardens. He had an eye to the useful as well as the ornamental, and reserved five of the most fertile spots of ground near the city for the cultivation of vegetables and fruits destined for the royal kitchen.

From sources enlarged by conquest and domestic industry, says a modern historian, the monarch drew the means for the large consumption of his numerous household, and for the costly works which he executed for the convenience and embellishment of his capital. He filled it with stately edifices for his nobles, whose constant attendance he was anxious to secure at court. He erected a magnificent pile of buildings which might serve both for a royal residence and for the public offices. It extended from east to west three thousand seven hundred feet, and from north to south two thousand nine hundred and thirty feet. It was encompassed by a wall of unburnt bricks and cement, six feet wide and nine high, for one-half of its circumference, and fifteen feet high for the other half. Within its enclosure were two courts. The outer one was used as the great market-place of the city, and continued to be so until long after the conquest—if, indeed, it is not now. The interior court was surrounded by the council-chambers and halls of justice. There were also accommodations for the foreign ambassadors, and a spacious saloon, with apartments opening into it for men of science and poets, who pursued their studies in this retreat, or met together to hold converse under its marble porticos. In this quarter also, were kept the public archives, which fared better under the Indian dynasty than they have since under their European successors.

Adjoining this court were the apartments of the king, including those of the royal harem, as liberally supplied with beauties as that of an Eastern sultan. Their walls were incrustated with alabasters and richly-tinted stucco, or hung with gorgeous tapestries and variegated feather-work. They led through long arcades, and through intricate labyrinths of shrubbery, into gardens where baths and sparkling fountains were overshadowed by tall groves of cedar and cypress. The basins of water were well stocked with fish of various kinds, and the aviaries with birds glowing in all the gaudy plumage of the tropics. Many birds and animals, which could not be obtained

alive, were represented in gold and silver so skilfully as to have furnished the great naturalist, Hernandez, with models for his work.

Accommodations on a princely scale were provided for the sovereigns of Mexico and Tlacopan when they visited his court. The whole of this lordly pile contained three hundred apartments, some of them one hundred and fifty feet square. The height of the building is not mentioned. It was probably not great, but supplied the requisite room by the immense extent of ground which it covered. The interior was doubtless constructed of light materials, especially of the rich woods, which in this country are remarkable, when polished, for the brilliancy and variety of their colors. That the more solid materials of stone and stucco were also liberally employed, is proved by the remains at the present day—remains which have furnished an inexhaustible quarry for the churches and other edifices since erected by the Spaniards on the site of the ancient city.

We are not informed of the time occupied in building this palace. But two hundred thousand workmen, it is said, were employed on it. However this may be, it is certain that the Tezcucan monarchs, like those of Asia and ancient Egypt, had control of immense masses of men, and would sometimes turn the whole population of a conquered city, including the women, into the public works.

Adjoining the palace were buildings for the king's children, who, by his various wives, amounted to no less than sixty sons and fifty daughters. Here they were instructed in all the arts suited to their station, comprehending the arts of working in metals, jewelry, and feather-mosaic.

Once in every four months, the whole household, not excepting the youngest, and including all the attendants of the king's person, assembled in a grand saloon of the palace, to listen to a discourse from an orator—probably one of the priesthood. The preacher began by enlarging on the obligations of morality and of respect for the gods, especially important in persons whose rank gave such additional weight to example. From wholesome admonitions the monarch himself was not exempted, and the orator reminded him of his paramount duty to show respect for his own laws. The king, far from taking umbrage, received the lesson with humility, and the audience, we are assured, were often melted to tears by the eloquence of the preacher.

"Nezahualcoyatl's fondness for magnificence," says Prescott, in his "History of the Conquest of Mexico," "was shown in his numerous villas, which were embellished with all that could make a rural retreat delightful. His favorite residence was Tezcotzinco, a conical hill about two leagues from the capital. It was laid out in terraces, or hanging-gardens, having a flight of steps five hundred and twenty in number, many of them hewn in the natural porphyry. In the garden on the summit was a reservoir of water, fed by an aqueduct that was carried over hill and valley for several miles on huge buttresses of masonry. A large rock stood in the midst of the basin, sculptured with the hieroglyphics representing the years of Nezahualcoyatl's reign, and his principal achievements in each. On a lower level were three other reservoirs, in each of which stood a marble statue of a woman, emblematic of the three states of the empire. Another tank contained a winged lion (♄) cut out of the solid rock, bearing in his mouth the portrait of the emperor. His likeness had been executed in gold, wood, feather-work, and stone, but this was the only one which pleased him.

"From these copious basins the water was distributed in numerous channels through the gardens, or was made to tumble over the rocks in cascades, shedding refreshing dews on the flowers and odoriferous shrubs below. In the depths of this fragrant wilderness, marble porticos and pavilions were erected, and baths excavated in the solid porphyry, which are still shown by the ignorant natives as the 'Baths of Montezuma.' The visitor descended by steps cut in the living stone, and pol-

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ished so bright as to reflect like mirrors. Toward the base of the hill, in the midst of cedar-groves, whose gigantic branches threw a refreshing coolness over the verdure in the sultriest seasons of the year, rose the royal villa, with its light arcades and airy halls, drinking in the sweet perfumes of the gardens. Here the monarch often retired to throw off the burdens of state and refresh his wearied spirits in the society of his favorite wives, reposing during the noontide heats in the embowering shades of his paradise, or mingling, in the cool of the evening, in their festive sports and dances. Here he entertained his imperial brothers of Mexico and Tlacopan, and followed the harder pleasures of the chase in the noble woods that stretched for miles around his villa, flourishing in all their primeval majesty. Here, too, he often repaired in the latter days of his life, when age had tempered ambition and cooled the ardor of his blood, to pursue in solitude the studies of philosophy, and gather wisdom from meditation.

"The extraordinary accounts of the Tezcucan architecture are confirmed, in the main, by the relics which still cover the hills of Tezcotzincoc, or are half-buried beneath its surface. They attract little attention, indeed, in the country, where their true history has long since passed into oblivion; while the traveller, whose curiosity leads him to the spot, speculates on their probable origin, and, as he stumbles over the huge fragments of sculptured porphyry and granite, refers them to the primitive races who spread their colossal architecture over the country, long before the coming of the Acolhuans and the Aztecs."

Not only was the beautiful garden of Tezcotzincoc destroyed, and the palace burned, but the hieroglyphics on the rock were defaced. The order for this destruction came from a bishop, who, frightened by the terrible sacrifices of human beings demanded by the sanguinary religion of Huitzilopochtli, resolved to efface every vestige of these structures. Zumarraga, the first Bishop of Mexico, and the good Domingo Betanzos, who rehabilitated the Aztecs with the dignity of men, were nevertheless the friends of the Indians. It was owing to the efforts of Betanzos that the pope, Paul III., put forth a bull in 1536, by which the Christian world recognized the Indian as a human being, endowed with a soul.

According to the tradition preserved by the Indian historian Tezozomac, the most ancient garden of the empire of Mexico was planted at Huestepeque under the direction of one Tinocli, superintendent of the palace. The great King Montezuma-Ilmicacuna, who reigned in the fifteenth century, feeling his end approach, wanted his image cut in the rocks that bore the name of these vast gardens, but, as at this point the ground was swampy, he first had it filled up and then planted with the most beautiful trees and flowers of the valley. What is now practised by the most skilful horticulturists was then usage among this semi-barbarous people. They were in the habit of enveloping the roots of the trees they transplanted in mats made of reeds, to preserve them from the contact of the air. This garden appeared as by enchantment on the site of what had been a desert, and the emperor expressed himself as being highly satisfied with the superintendent of his palaces. Tezozomac tells us that the great Montezuma never tired of admiring the innumerable varieties of flowers that till then were unknown to him, and that had been so ingeniously arranged to charm the eye.

These beautiful gardens do not seem to have been opened to the public. The emperor was accustomed to stroll about in them solitary and alone. Armed with a pea-shooter of exquisite workmanship, on which were painted a great variety of animals with that delicate art in which the Aztecs were skilled, he amused himself by killing the birds of elegant plumage that frequented these artificial forests. The feathers of varied hues, plucked from the birds of the country, served as a kind of money; tribute was paid in them. If they made a fragile currency, its brilliancy cannot be disputed. The Aztecs were, without doubt, the most skilful manufacturers of flowers out of

feathers the world has ever seen. Soon after the invasion of the country by the Europeans, some specimens of this art, practised so successfully by the aborigines, were sent to the Holy Father, and they found many enthusiastic admirers in Italy.

None of these little *chef-d'œuvre* are now in existence, owing to the destructibility of the material employed in their composition, but the historians we have consulted go into minute details in describing what they call the *arte plumatoria*.

The principal garden planted by Montezuma at Mexico occupied the site where now stands the Church of San Francisco, and we cannot say with certainty that every vestige of it has disappeared. An *acebuche* (a wild olive), that barely escaped being destroyed in 1811, is all that remains of the vegetable wonders that commanded the admiration of Cortez.

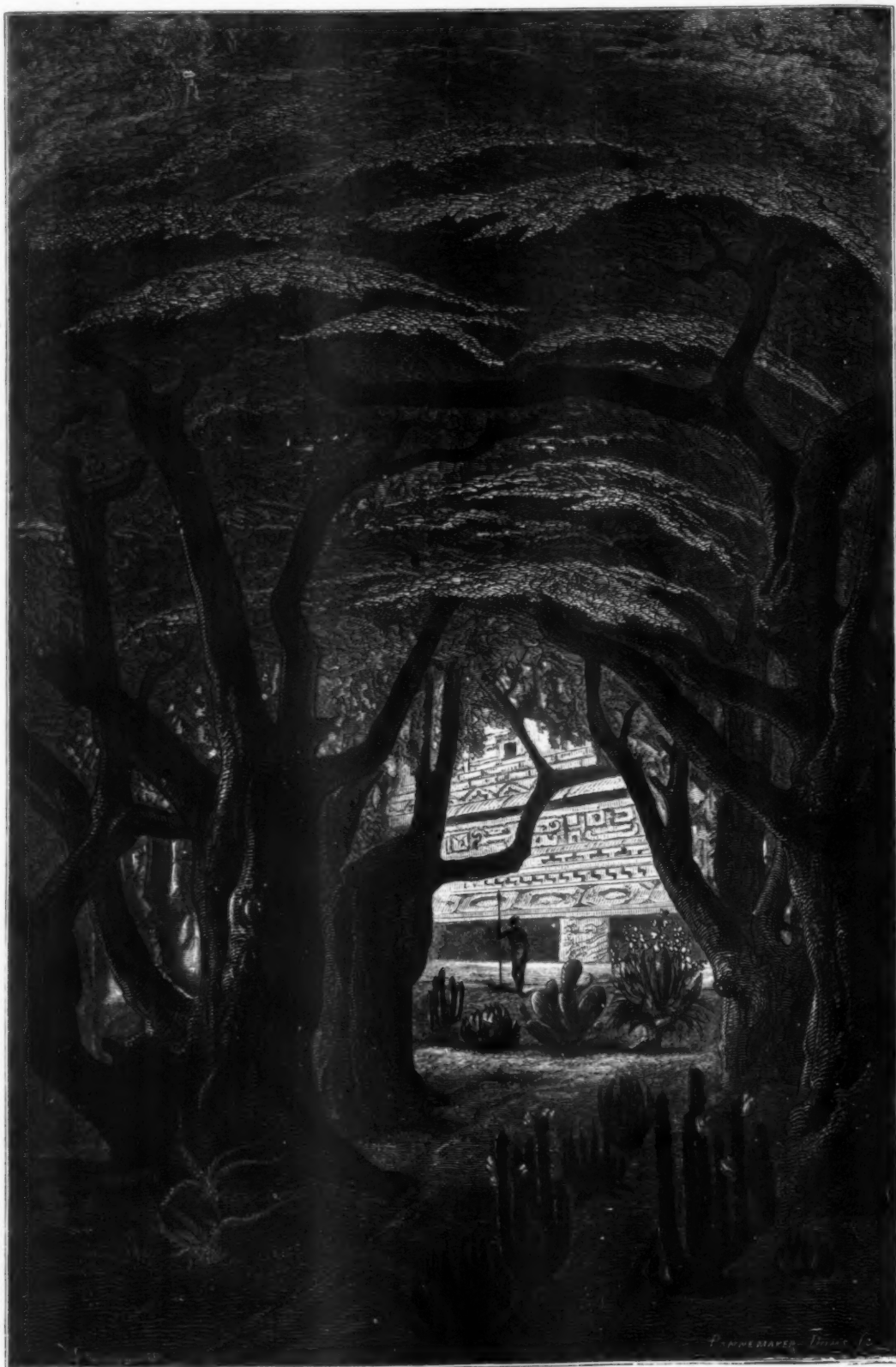
It is not alone the vanquisher of Montezuma who praises the gardens of Chapultepec; the chaplain of the conqueror, Gomara, whose scrupulous adherence to facts is well known, considered them worthy of the highest admiration of the Europeans. Designed in part after those of Tezcucoc, the gardens of Tenochtitlan contained something besides rare plants; menageries were found in them, very much superior to any possessed by Spain or France at that period. Cortez spoke of them in terms of the highest admiration in describing them to Charles V., and a rough drawing of them by Savorgnano enables us to form a pretty clear idea of their general arrangement. There were dens for jaguars, pumas, ocelots, and other animals; cages, admirably disposed for the most beautiful birds of the empire, and especially for the finest specimens of the American eagles; ponds, where different kinds of fish were bred with the greatest care; and, finally, there were subterranean vaults inhabited by enormous serpents and gigantic saurians, that were fed on the blood of victims that flowed from the foot of the *teocallis*. The conquerors do not dissemble the profound horror with which this portion of the menageries of Montezuma inspired them, and, to divert the thoughts of the reader, they pass hastily to the gynecium, where the emperor, for his amusement, had gathered together a great number of miserable monstrosities of our species. Here was to be seen every imaginable human deformity. It was a burlesque comedy, side by side with the infernal regions of the Mexicans.

Among these wonders, entirely new in their character, that commanded the attention and admiration of the Spaniards, there was one that the conquerors seemed to never tire of admiring—the only one, indeed, that has survived the lapse of time, because it has perpetuated itself, thanks to the inexhaustible fecundity of Nature in these climates: we refer to the *chinampas*, or the floating-gardens.

The Mexicans themselves gave to these rafts, laden with fruits and flowers, the significant name of "land upon the water." The nature of the country explains their construction, and the perpetuity of their existence. The large city, surrounded by the lake of Tezcucoc was built in a manner similar to Venice, and, like Venice, it presented to the view a net-work of canals that were frequently bordered by sumptuous habitations. The chinampas supplied the town every day with vegetables, fruits, and especially with flowers. The Mexicans, whose religion to us seems to have been so barbarous, made great use of flowers in their devotions, and were continually exchanging them with their gods. The floating-gardens of the lake brought these offerings to the very foot of their altars.

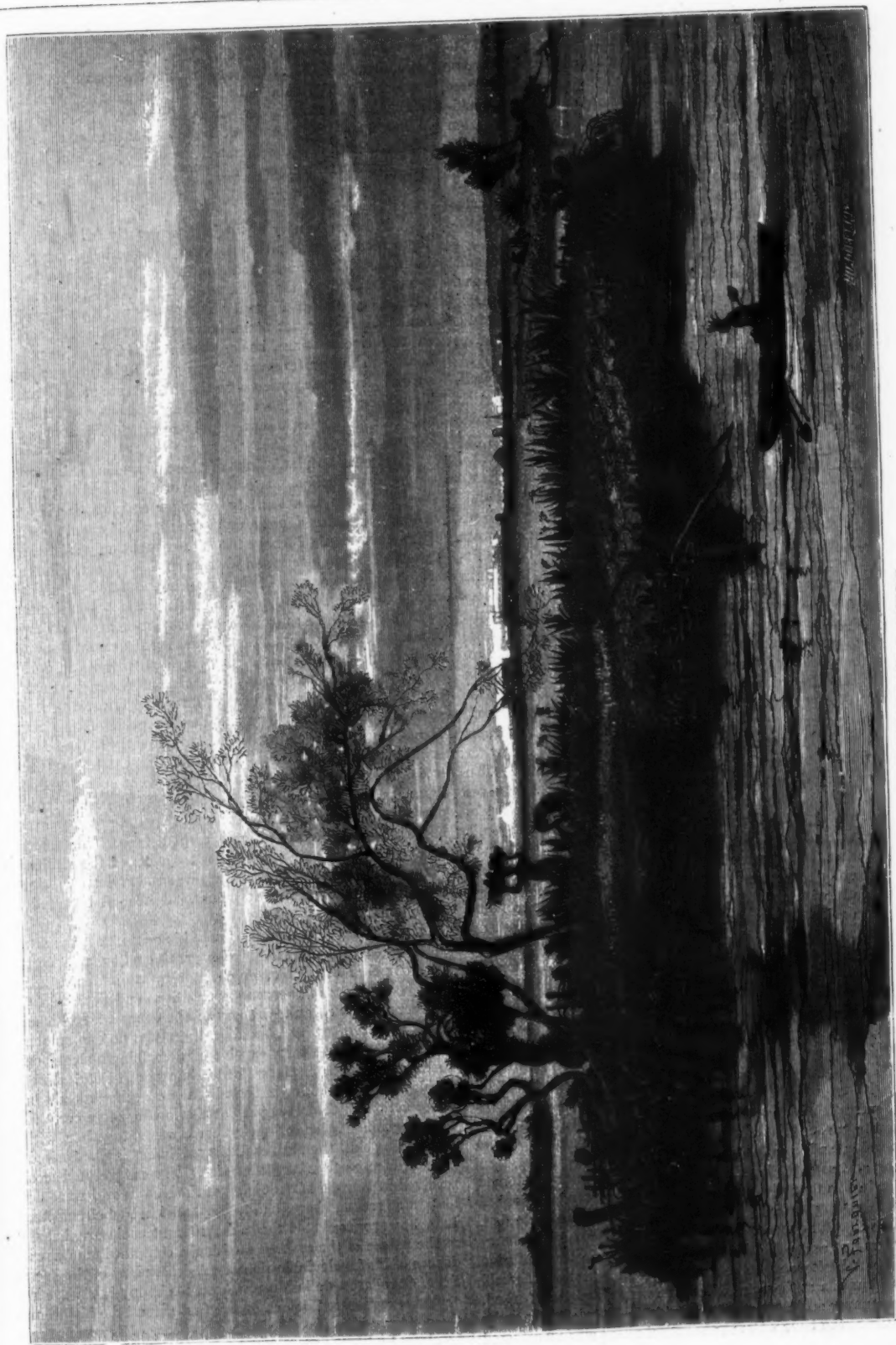
According to the older historians, the origin of the ancient chinampas was not so poetic as certain authors would lead us to believe; they were the offspring of war and famine. Clavigero tells us that they date their origin at the beginning of the fourteenth century. At this epoch it is known that the tribes of Colhuas and Tepanques triumphed over the Mexicans proper, who, after an energetic defence, were circumscribed within the limits of Tenochtitlan and the immediate neighborhood of the lake on which the town was built. It became necessary to devise some means of subsistence. The Aztecs





KING NEZAHUALCOYATL'S GARDENS.





MEXICAN FLOATING GARDENS.

found in the aquatic plants that grew in abundance on the shores of the lake the materials for these floating fields, formed of black earth, substantial and abundant. They planted Indian-corn and vegetables on these verdant plateaus, that two or three boatmen could move to a distance from the shore. These movable plantations increased in number, and proved sufficiently productive to save the inhabitants of Mexico from famine. After the fortunes of the Aztecs changed for the better, these gardens were preserved, but the corn and vegetables were made to give place to flowers and odoriferous plants. A century ago some of these blooming rafts were still to be seen, with trees growing on them, that protected the tender vegetation from the burning rays of the midday sun.

There are beds of fertile soil still floating on the lake, and, indeed, they are about all that now remains of the aboriginal civilization of this ingenious people. But, instead of bearing fruits and flowers to the foot of the *teocallis*, where thousands of human beings were sacrificed, they supply the housewives of Mexico with excellent vegetables.

It is especially at Santa Anita and Ixtacalco, two pretty villages situated on the lake, a short distance from Mexico, that the chinampas produce the most beautiful flowers. Ixtacalco signifies, in the language of the Aztecs, the White House, and its smiling habitations are seen at the origin of the grand canal which connects the lagoon of Chalco with the lake. Santa Anita is but a little way farther on. The well-to-do and industrious population of these two little villages is composed entirely of Indians, nor do these people differ very materially from what they were at the time of the conquest. Some of the little houses in which they live are constructed of *adobes*, bricks dried in the sun; others, more simple still, of *canizos*, or reeds of large growth; very few of them are constructed of stone. All the inhabitants are proprietors, but proprietors only of little patches of ground that float on the lake. The primitive support or foundation of these gardens, that the owners move in any direction they please, costs no small labor.

Prescott says, in his "History of the Conquest of Mexico," that "these chinampas had their origin in the detached masses of earth, which, loosening from the shores, were held together by the fibrous roots with which they were penetrated. The primitive Aztecs, in their poverty of land, availed themselves of the hint thus afforded by Nature. They constructed rafts of reeds, rushes, and other fibrous materials, which, tightly knit together, formed a sufficient basis for the sediment that they drew up from the bottom of the lake. Gradually islands were formed, two or three hundred feet in length, and three or four feet in depth, with a rich, stimulated soil, on which the economical Indian raised his vegetables and flowers for the markets of Tenochtitlan. Some of the chinampas were even firm enough to allow the growth of small trees, and to sustain a hut for the residence of the person that had charge of it, who, with a long pole resting on the sides or the bottom of the shallow basin, could change the position of his little territory at pleasure, which, with its rich freight of vegetable stores, was seen moving like some enchanted island over the water."

At Tacubaya, some two or three miles from the city of Mexico, there were, in olden times, some beautiful gardens. There, surrounded by a clump of trees and bushes, you are shown the "Fountain of the Queen." It is a basin of the purest water, and is called the *Alberca*.

Long ago, says the legend, Queen Malinche was accustomed to bathe in this fountain, accompanied by her attendants, robed like her in long white garments. Now it happened, one day, that the beautiful queen of the Aztecs was surprised by a party of hunters just as she had laid aside her robe. In her confusion she did not hesitate what course to pursue, but threw herself into the fountain at the point where the water is most disturbed. Malinche never again appeared to the eyes of mortals, but every day at noon, the hour when the beautiful queen was accustomed to bathe, people of acute vision see appear above the eddy in

the centre of the basin a *tecomatl* painted in gold and vermilion. It is the elegant head-dress of the Mexican queen surprised centuries ago by the hunters. The semi-globe so richly ornamented remains but an instant above the surface of the water, just long enough to indicate the spot to mortals, where Malinche still lives in her palace of crystal. The legend of the *Alberca* was many generations old at the time of the conquest. Malinche was also the Indian name of the beautiful Marina, the interpreter and companion of Cortez.

## II.

THE Peruvian city of Jauja, now greatly fallen from its antique magnificence, although very substantially and regularly built, owed its ancient renown, in a great measure, to the famous orchards of the Inca, which might have been called the *Gardens of Golden Flowers*; but to-day not a vestige of them remains. It does not seem, however, that this city, capital of an extensive province, has any thing in its immediate neighborhood which indicates great mineral wealth. Jauja, traversed by a small river nearly useless to the inhabitants on account of its high, abrupt banks, is a city regularly laid out, the streets running at right angles, the principal one of which is about seventy feet wide.

The metallic plantations of these singular gardens may, as observed by Paz Soldan, owe their origin to a physical circumstance. There is a scarcity of water at Jauja, for irrigation, and the vegetation depends on the rains, which are always rare in these countries. Perhaps the Incas sought only amusement in forming fruits, flowers, and even animals, of the precious metals which they were so skilled in working, and had no great value in their eyes. In spite of the difficulties the face of the country presents, there is a railroad in contemplation between Jauja and Lima. It is to be hoped that, in making the excavations for the road, they will find some of the large quadrupeds in gold with which the Incas were wont to ornament their gardens. The old traditions tell us of a herd of llamas with metal fleeces, that seemed to be guarded by a shepherd in gold. A profusion of plants, says the legend, was there, apparently as food for these brilliant animals. We can be certain that these golden llamas, which disappeared centuries ago, were not solid. Admirable founders, and not less skilful as goldsmiths, the Peruvians knew perfectly the art of working a metal they did not use as money, but which they did not procure without labor. The goldsmiths of Francis I. had an opportunity to judge of the skill of the Peruvians when the French privateersman, Jean Florin, presented to the king some enormous vases he had captured from the Spaniards.

If Pizarro was not able to write his own name, the army he commanded with the ability of a great captain was certainly not composed of men of much literary attainments. Except the two brothers of the conqueror, Diego and Fernando, Cieca de Leon, who wrote the history of the conquest, and a certain Mora, a sort of an artist-soldier, there was no one among this handful of resolute men capable of describing a single one of the monuments or gardens of the Emperor of Peru. The gold employed instead of, or in the absence of, other metals in the construction of their temples, and sometimes in a certain fantastic ornamentation of their sacred vases, together with the astonishing skill the natives displayed in casting, surprised the Spaniards more than any thing else. The exaggerated accounts received in Europe of the riches of the New World were doubtless, in a great measure, due to this and kindred circumstances. It is, however, asserted that a magnificent enclosure, belonging to the palace of the sovereign of Jauja, contained numerous evidences of his incalculable riches. A descendant of the Incas of Peru, Garcilaso de la Vega, whose testimony is always more or less exaggerated, is one of the first among the historians of the conquest who described these gardens. His account might be classed with the numerous legends due to the conquest, if it were not confirmed by the testimony of a more reliable eye-

witness. Francisco Xeres, the secretary of Pizarro, who will not certainly be accused, in his dry relation of facts, of exaggeration, tells us that, among the numerous specimens of objects in the precious metals consigned to the crucible, there were many that exceeded in dimensions any thing of the kind known to the Old World. He adds: "According to the reports of Atabalipa, Chilicuchima, and many others, this prince had at Jauja sheep (alpacas or llamas, probably) and shepherds in gold, and these sheep and shepherds were life-size. These objects had belonged to his father, and he promised to give them to the Spaniards."

In offering a representation of the gardens of the Inca, it is not our intention to add fiction to descriptions that are purely legendary. Natural history has its innocent dreams, and archaeology its licenses. Every architect who examines the scattered vestiges of a celebrated monument, is at liberty to attempt its restitution; this is what we have tried in the cut we present.

What was seen in the mountain-regions of Jauja, where the metals are so abundant, was seen also, during the same period, in the fertile valley of Mexico, where gold must necessarily have been scarce. The Mexican Solomon, with whose horticultural possessions we are already somewhat acquainted, had constructed apartments ingeniously distributed near his real gardens, which he filled with rare plants, flowers remarkable for their beauty, and animals that were found in the remote provinces of his kingdom, and were rarely seen in the valley of Mexico, all formed of pure gold. The collection constituted a sort of museum of natural history for the use of the learned men of Tezcuco. In this point of view, the gardens of Nezahualcoyatl were of public utility. The gardens created by the father of Atahualpa were, on the contrary, simply pleasure-gardens, evidencing the skill of the Peruvian artists. It was at Jucay, a small village, that the Incas most frequently escaped from the turmoil of their capital and the fatigue of state affairs. The palace of these sovereigns had nothing imposing in its appearance, but in every direction a magnificent landscape was presented to the view. The ruins of the structure are still to be seen. Two large squares, surrounded with trees over a hundred feet high, convey an idea of what the appearance of these Peruvian gardens must have been. From there we turn toward Urubamba, where are now the most beautiful gardens of Peru. They are situated, for the most part, in the Quebrada, where the uneven country presents views of surpassing beauty.

The Peruvian architecture, although bearing the general characteristics of an imperfect state of refinement, still had its peculiar character, and so uniform was its character, that the edifices throughout the country seem to have been all cast in the same mould. They were usually built of porphyry or granite, not unfrequently of brick. This, which was formed into blocks or squares of much larger dimensions than brick, was made of a tenacious earth mixed up with reeds or tough grass, and acquired a degree of hardness with age that made it insensible alike to the storms and the more trying sun of the tropics. The walls were of great thickness, but low, seldom reaching to more than twelve or fourteen feet in height. It is rare to meet with accounts of a building that rose to a second story.

The apartments had no communication with one another, but usually opened into a court, and, as they were unprovided with windows, or apertures that served for them, the only light from without must have been admitted by the doorways. These were made with the sides approaching each other toward the top, so that the lintel was considerably narrower than the threshold, a peculiarity also in Egyptian architecture. The roofs have, for the most part, disappeared with time. Some few survive in the less ambitious edifices, of a singular bell-shape, and made of a composition of earth and pebbles. Many seem to have been constructed without the aid of cement, and writers have contended that the Peruvians were unacquainted with the use of mortar or cement of any kind.

But a close, tenacious mould, mixed with lime, may be discovered filling up the interstices of the granite in some buildings; and in others, where the well-fitted blocks leave no room for the coarser material, the eye of the antiquary has detected a fine bituminous glue as hard as the rock itself.

The greatest simplicity was observed in the construction of the buildings, which were usually free from outward ornament, though in some the huge stones were shaped into a convex form with great regularity, and adjusted with such nice precision to one another, that it would seem impossible, but for the flutings, to determine the line of junction.

There is no appearance of columns or of arches, though there is some contradiction as to the latter point. But it is not to be doubted that, although they may have made some approach to this mode of construction by the greater or less inclination of the walls, the Peruvian architects were wholly unacquainted with the true principle of the circular arch reposing on its key-stone.

"The architecture of the Incas is characterized," says an eminent traveller, "by simplicity, symmetry, and solidity." It may seem unphilosophical to condemn the peculiar fashion of a nation as indicating a want of taste because its standard of taste differs from our own. Yet there is an incongruity in the composition of the Peruvian buildings which argues a very imperfect acquaintance with the first principles of architecture. While they put together their bulky masses of porphyry and granite with the nicest art, they were incapable of mortising their timbers, and, in the ignorance of iron, knew no better way of holding the beams together than tying them with thongs of maguey.

The most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital, and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where it received the name of Coricancha; or, "The Place of Gold." It consisted of a principal building and several chapels and inferior edifices, covering a large extent of ground in the heart of the city, and completely encompassed by a wall which, with the edifices, was all constructed of stone. The work was of the kind already described, and was so finely executed, that a Spaniard, who saw it in all its glory, assures us he could call to mind only two edifices in Spain which, for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it.

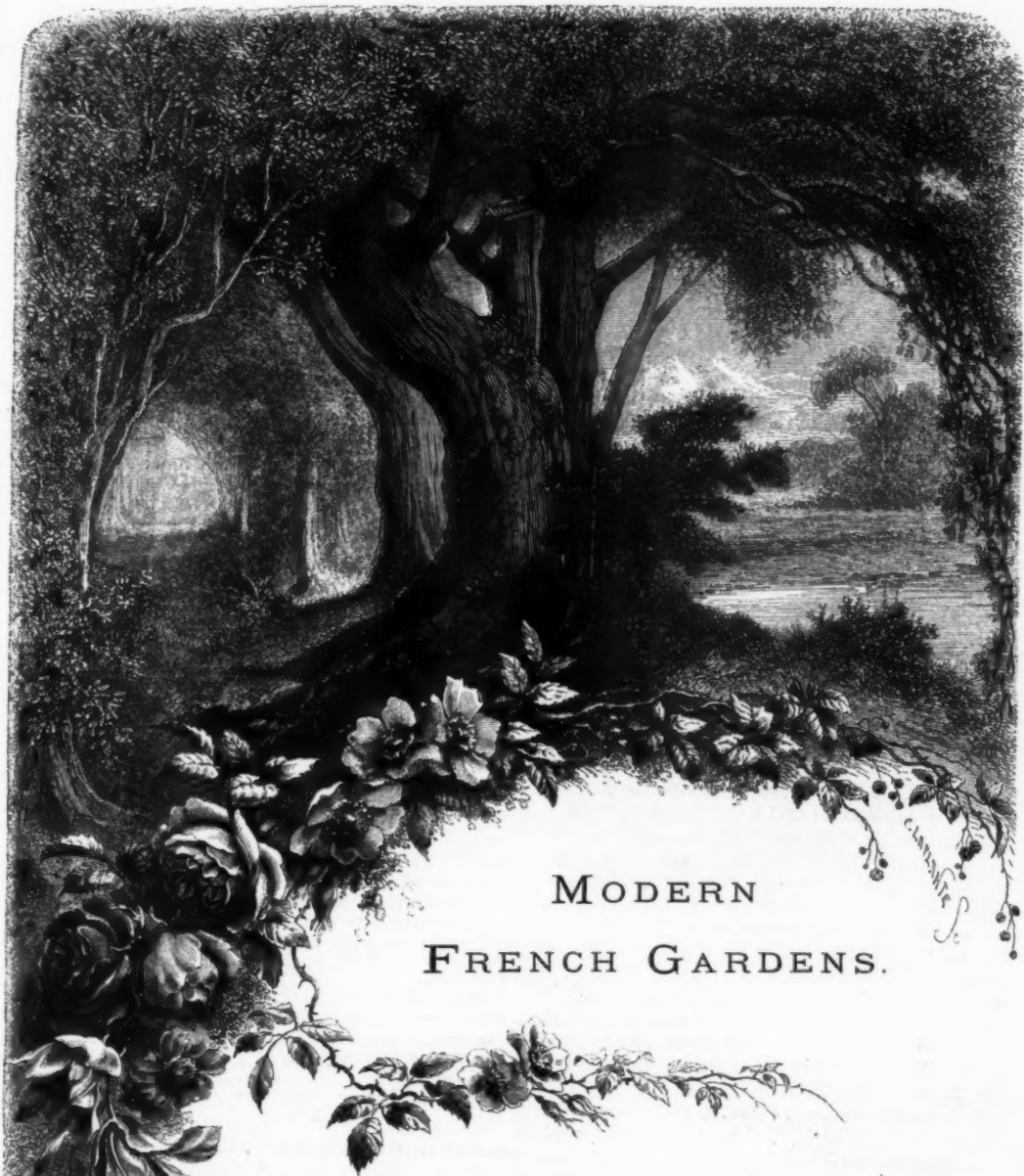
The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the Deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from amid innumerable rays of light, which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was "the tears wept by the sun," and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary, were of the same costly material, and a broad belt of frieze of gold, let into the stone-work, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice.

The buildings of the Incas were accommodated to the character of the climate, and were well fitted to resist those terrible convulsions which belong to the land of volcanoes. The wisdom of their plan is attested by the number which still survive, while the more modern constructions of the conquerors have been buried in ruins. The hand of the conquerors, indeed, has fallen heavily on these venerable monuments, and, in their blind and superstitious search for hidden treasure, has caused infinitely more ruin than time or the earthquake. Yet enough of these monuments still remain to invite the researches of the antiquary. Those only in the most conspicuous situations have been hitherto examined. But, by the testimony of travellers, many more are to be found in the less-frequented parts of the country, and we may hope they will one day call forth a kindred spirit of enterprise to that which has so successfully explored the mysterious recesses of Central America and Yucatan.





SERPENT-VAULTS IN THE GARDENS OF TENOCHTILAN.



## MODERN FRENCH GARDENS.

EVERY revolution begins in anarchy, no matter how just its principles may be, or how salutary its prospective results. The inoffensive revolution that transforms the gardener's art could not escape this fatality. Its instigators felt that it was not sufficient to proclaim the decadence of the symmetric and the advent of the irregular; that it was, also, necessary to define the new system, to explain its theory and prescribe its rules. But this could not be accomplished in a day. In the mean time every one felt at liberty to follow his own inspirations by simply going counter to the old system. The regular design having been recognized as being fastidious, tyrannic, and contrary to Nature, nothing less was proposed at first than the suppression of every species of design, for we cannot give this name to a confusion of tortuous paths that are cut at random through thickets, lawns, and woodland, and which prompted a wit to say that there was nothing easier than to design an English park, that one had only to get the gardener drunk and to follow his trail. The ornamentation, too, as we may suppose, like the design, was subjected at first to no rules, and consequently assumed the most extravagant forms. There was a sort of interregnum of the art, an interregnum that lasted not less than half a century.

\* From "Les Jardins, Histoire et Description," par Arthur Mangin.

Not that, during this interval and from the beginning of the Revolution, good sense and good taste did not find eloquent defenders; not that the rules to which we have since returned had not been in part announced by the first legislators of the picturesque style. But the voice of these legislators was not able to silence the tumult; their opponents fell little short of accusing them of wanting to reestablish the tyranny of the line and the compass. Their counsels and their precepts were wanting, however, in that clearness which impresses the mind; their ideas were still vague and incomplete. To make, according to a celebrated expression, "order with disorder," it was necessary that the masters of the art should be in possession of a *corpus juris hortensis*, of a veritable code containing all the laws of the new aesthetics of gardens.

Is the landscape-garden the garden of the future? We incline to think it is, for the reason that the rules to which it is subjected are not immutable. It is to-day something different from what it was sixty years ago, and in some years it will differ from what it is to-day, and that, too, while its principles will remain the same, which are in keeping with the undisciplined character of modern society, with its love of change and its progressive aspirations. At an epoch when the peoples of the world insist on governing themselves and obey only perfectible constitutions, every school that would pretend to possess, in matters of art as well as in matters of politics, the absolute truth, would pass for a school of empty dreams.

In this particular, the landscape mode which leaves the way open to all systematic innovations and to the fancy of every one, has nothing that does not conform to the liberal spirit of the nineteenth century. Besides, it recommends itself by an advantage much appreciated nowadays, and which contributes more than any thing else to give it a democratic character—the advantage of cheapness.

Far from being exclusively suited, as Walpole contended, to the opulence of a free country like England, where the pompous luxury of the privileged few is seen beside the misery of the greater number, it is suited rather to the well-to-do ease of a country where there are no civil distinctions; where territorial property is indefinitely divisible and where large fortunes are rare, but where the *aurea mediocritas* is promised to every intelligent and industrious citizen. When Walpole argued the great expense that demanded, according to him, the creation and care of picturesque gardens, he, by a strange error, applied to the English style what is only true of the French style. The chief advantage of the former is its adaptability to small spaces, whose scantiness may be dissimulated by very simple devices. Its great charm is due, not to the profusion of foreign ornamentation, but to the happy choice of the site, to the good taste of the proprietor and the skill of the gardener.

The latter, on the contrary, cannot be realized without ample space and a sumptuous decoration. Circumscribe it within narrow limits, take from it its terraces, its balusters, its marble statues and vases, its high walls of verdure, and long avenues, and it is reduced to a miserable combination of barren lines which offer nothing that attracts the eye or satisfies the imagination. Between the majestic and the shabby, in this style, there is no compromise. It is only suited to the dignity of a royal or a public garden. Its grand lines harmonize with those of a palace, while a mansion, however elegant it may be, and much more a modest habitation, makes a sorry figure with such surroundings. It is necessary that it should be sumptuous, that it should accompany a sumptuous dwelling, and that art and luxury should be visible in the *ensemble* as well as in the details. In a word, the French garden is the garden of state.

The English garden, whatever its dimensions may be, is the garden in which you feel at home—where neither constraint nor ceremony is allowed to intrude. There we seek not the crowd, but solitude; there we can imagine ourselves in the open country, and are permitted to lie on the grass, sit down on a fragment of rock, or lose ourselves in a winding path.

Wealth and art, instead of being displayed, should seem to be absent; its true ornaments are neither in jasper, nor marble, nor metal—Nature alone supplies all: these are pieces of water, undulations of the ground, trees, flowers, and the verdant lawn. All this may, it is true, entail great expense. The man of wealth may expend hundreds of thousands on a few acres of ground, if he see fit to entirely change its aspect by planting a forest on a barren, sterile soil, to make dry land of a swamp, to conduct water from a distance, to cultivate at great cost the plants of another zone, to build rocky ledges and multiply the number of grottos and cascades. But he who knows how to choose the site and to moderate his desires may have a pretty English park without incurring great expense. If the ground be wooded and undulating, near a stream of water, and with picturesque surroundings, a man of taste will know how to transform it into a charming retreat without a great outlay. He will not build a palace, for a palace would be out of place in an English park; it would have the appearance of being astray in the open country. Its monumental proportions, its imposing air, and its architectural magnificence, would not harmonize with the simplicity of rustic decoration. It would be as strange a sight as to see a great lord taking a stroll over his estate in full court-dress. On the contrary, the most modest dwelling, with its roof of red bricks, its green blinds, its vines and Bengal rose-bushes climbing up its walls, and its steps ornamented with laurels, pomegranates, or geraniums, as it stands half concealed among the trees whose protection it seems to seek, is a pleasant sight to the eye.

The garden is small, but the house is still sufficiently accompanied and the law of proportions is not violated. If the proprietor be so fortunate as to possess a spacious park, what does it matter if the house be modest, provided it suffice to lodge him and his family comfortably and a few friends, when occasion requires? What does it matter even if the visitor, who comes for the first time, be obliged to wander about the grounds for a time in order to find the dwelling? If he be a fool, he will say, perhaps, "There is a very little dwelling for such a big garden!" But if he be a man of culture, he will murmur: "How happy and peaceful life must be under a roof surrounded by all these beauties of Nature!"

In Touraine, where handsome estates abound, we know of one the park of which is planted entirely in the English style. Its great extent, its elevated site on the side of a hill, surrounded by a country eminently picturesque, its artificial river and lake, its rich parterres of flowers, its magnificent conservatories and vast dependencies, would, in some respects, justify the presence of a chateau. But we much prefer the old house of the time of Henri IV., with its single story, its high roof and its walls entirely concealed by creeping plants.

We know that our opinion of the unfitness of the picturesque style for sumptuous dwellings does not conform to the taste that prevails at present in France, and that, if it is not in England we should seek English gardens, it is still less in France that we should seek French gardens. Except the ancient royal and princely residences that the Revolution and fashion have been pleased to spare, we meet with only a few, here and there, that have escaped the general proscription. As for the gardens of recent creation, they have all been designed *d'après l'anglais*, without pausing to take into account either the age, the proportions, or the architectural style of the habitation they are to surround. The landscape-garden has therefore become, in France, the garden *d'la mode*, the national garden. The symmetrical garden can only be either grand or scanty, majestic or ridiculous. The landscape-garden may be extended over a large space or be confined within narrow limits; it may be beautiful or simply pretty; it is always elegant and agreeable, no matter what species of edifice it is associated with. The former was made for palaces and palaces alone; the palaces and the chateau may disappear: the latter will remain.

Wealth is something essentially relative. "I am comfort-



able, but I am not rich," said a man to us, who has an income of seventy or eighty thousand francs per annum, an hôtel in the Chaussée-d'Antin and five horses in his stables. He was right, if he compared himself with those whose incomes are counted by the hundreds of thousands; but he was wrong, if he compared himself with those whose revenues amounted to only a few thousands, and who themselves are accounted rich by those who have neither capital nor revenues. "Men with one eye," says the proverb, "are kings among the blind." So those who are only well-to-do are rich among beggars, and poor among nabobs. France is neither a land of beggars nor of nabobs. The Revolution, the civil code, and industry, have given to wealth a fluidity that renders it difficult for it to be concentrated in the hands of a few. Here we find few of those immense fortunes, such as are found in those countries that have laws of primogeniture, where many a land-owner can easily appropriate some hundreds of acres of his domain to purposes of pleasure—the land thereby remaining, not only unproductive, but becoming a source of expense.

There are, therefore, very few large gardens in France comparable, by their extent and the luxury of their embellishments, to those which are so much admired in England and Germany. On the other hand, however, gardens of moderate dimensions, favorably situated, designed with taste, and carefully kept, are more abundant in France, than, perhaps, anywhere else.

As the effects of political and administrative centralization are felt in every thing, it is in the environs of the capital that we find the greater part of the gardens of the first order. In Paris itself the increasing density of the population has spared only two, one of which, that of the Elysée, was protected by the high rank of its proprietor; the other, that of the Muette, by its peculiar location. The latter is the only specimen remaining in Paris of the noble French style. The former is entirely modern. It was replanted in 1828 by Bellangé, when the palace of the Elysée was occupied by the Duchess de Berri. This palace was built in 1718 for the Count d'Evreux, and was called at first l'Hôtel d'Evreux. It was subsequently occupied by Madame de Pompadour, then by her brother, the Marquis de Marigny, who sold it to Louis XV. In 1773, the Hôtel d'Evreux was purchased by the financier Beaujon, who expended large sums upon it; then in 1786 disposed of it to Louis XVI., stipulating, however, that he should remain in possession of it until his death. After Beaujon, it was inhabited by the Duchess de Bourbon-Condé, who changed its name to that of Elysée-Bourbon, which was changed again to Elysée National by the two republics, and to Elysée-Napoléon under the two empires.

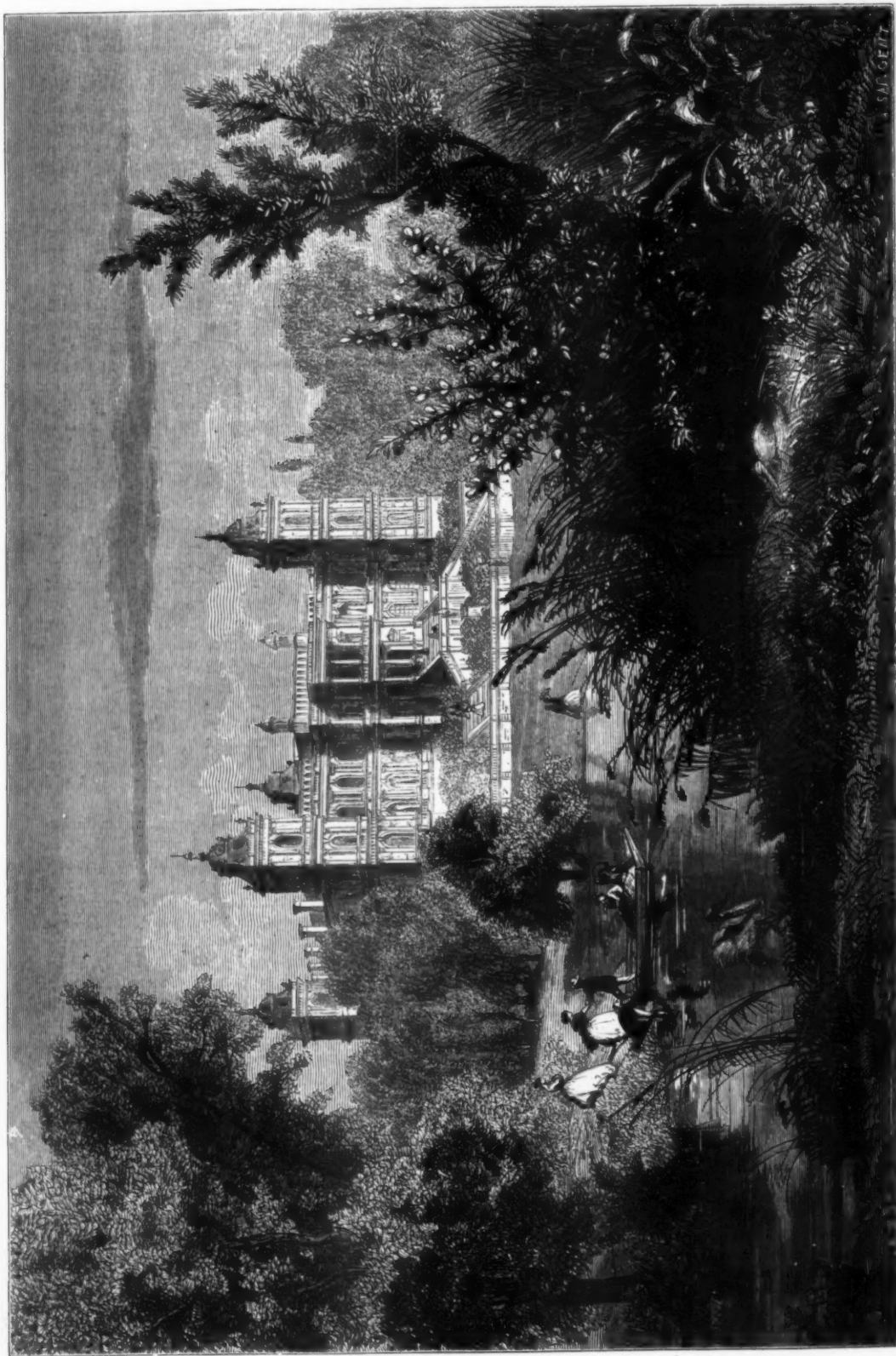
Near Paris, at Boulogne-sur-Seine, is situated the beautiful summer-residence of the late Baron de Rothschild, with its garden, of about seventy-five acres, ornamented with the most beautiful flowers and a great number of the rarest plants. This garden was originally designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, but was subsequently somewhat remodelled by M. Locré. M. Eugène Lami, an artist of exquisite taste, has embellished it with a flower-garden, with regular divisions. Besides this princely retreat, Rothschild was the possessor of Ferrière, in the department of Seine-et-Marne, a domain of about eighteen thousand acres, the park alone covering a space of fifteen hundred acres (nearly twice the size of Central Park, New York). The chateau, a vast, square structure, flanked with towers, surmounted by campaniles, rises above a terrace designed and decorated *à la Française*. On the right, looking toward the park, are the outbuildings; then, the orangery and the flower-garden. This garden is divided into symmetric parterres according to the English method. Its sides are occupied by hot-houses, the largest of which is a winter-garden, where the flora of the tropics is represented by the most beautiful and rarest specimens. The site of the park presented no natural advantages. The ground was flat, and covered with an extensive wood, but without any trees of great age or size. Baron Rothschild, in

order to effect the desired transformation in this unpicturesque spot, secured the services of Sir Joseph Paxton, whose plans were modified and completed by Eugène Lami. Ferrière may be cited as a perfect type of the English park. We say park, and not garden, for, except on the terrace and in the flower-garden, no flowers are anywhere to be seen. In their stead, however, plants, with ornamental shapes and foliage, abound, and their culture is confided to very skillful gardeners under the direction of M. Bergmann. The nursery has for its *chef* a distinguished young botanist, named Jacquemin.

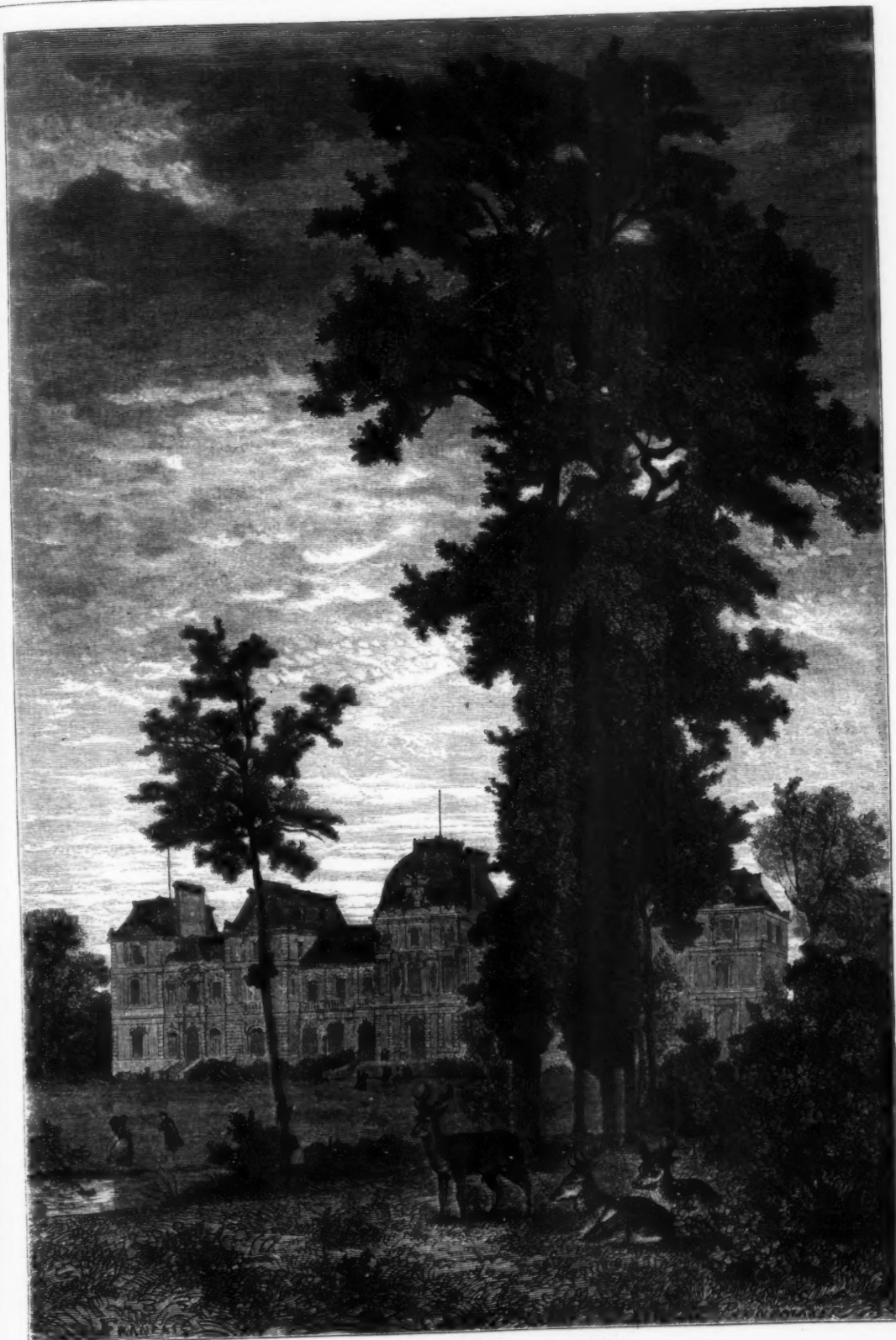
Adjoining Ferrière, there is another magnificent estate, the property of Emile and Isaac Pereire. The chateau of MM. Pereire reminds one of the new Louvre, except that it is in far better taste, and that its dimensions are, of course, far smaller. While the sculptural ornamentation is rich, it is very chaste and graceful. The park covers two hundred and fifty acres of level ground, with no other natural embellishment than some native woods; but the proprietors have spared no expense, and M. Barillet-Deschamps has employed all his talent in transforming this desert into a beautiful pleasure-garden. On an arid tract of land, water was found in sufficient quantity, by going below the surface, to supply some small streams and a lake covering nearly ten acres. The alleys are traced, the clumps of trees distributed, and the views managed with infinite art. The vegetable-gardens and the nurseries occupy separate enclosures, one of which contains four conservatories skillfully disposed and filled with an excellent choice of exotic plants.

Let us approach Paris, and stroll here and there through the department of Seine-et-Oise, one of the most picturesque and smiling departments of France, and perhaps the richest in chateaux, villas, parks, and gardens. We find, first, between Brunoy and Boissy-Saint-Léger, the immense property of the Prince de Wagram, Gros-Bois, whose park is the largest in France. It contains nearly two thousand acres, enclosed by a stone wall. The chateau of Juvisy, near d'Athis-Mons, belongs to the Count de Montessuy. Its park, designed by Le Notre, contains some magnificent pieces of water and very curious grottos. Unfortunately, this park is no longer kept in order; a large portion of it is devoted at present to the cultivation of grain. Near Rambouillet stands the chateau of Dampierre, the hereditary residence of the Dukes de Luynes. The park, formerly symmetric, and partially transformed into an English garden by the architect Margel-Fillieux, deploys its vast lawns, its long alleys, shaded with venerable trees, and its luxurious decoration, around the old manor-house. Amateurs of the modern style would prefer a retreat more cheerful and genial to this residence, whose aspect is cold and imposing. In this neighborhood, we find also Saint-Gratien, a charming villa, built about fifty years ago by Count de Luçay, and purchased in 1853 by Princess Mathilde, and the chateau and gardens of Celle-Saint-Cloud, near Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where M. Pescatore has collected at large expense a great variety of beautiful flowers and rare plants. The chateau of Celle was built at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In 1662, Louis XIV. purchased this domain, with the view of including it in the park of Versailles, but, in 1686, he ceded it to Bachelier, first *valet de chambre* to the Prince de Marsillac, son of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, the author of the "Maxims." In 1748, the chateau of Celle became the property of Madame de Pompadour, who, two years later, sold it to the *fermier-général*, Roussel. Celle subsequently passed into the hands of the Duke de la Vauguyon. In 1776, M. Parat de Chalandry became in his turn its proprietor. It was he who had the old, symmetric garden transformed into an English park, after the plans of the celebrated Morel.

Still nearer to Saint-Germain-en-Laye there is a little domain, which is worthy of our devoting a few lines to it, for its history is connected with the advent of the landscape style in France. This property is called Feuillancourt. Here there is no chateau, only a house; but, around this house, there is a



CHATEAU AND PARK OF BARON ROTHSCHILD



CHATEAU OF M.M. PEREIRE AT ARMAINVILLIERS.



pretty park, rich in grand old trees, fresh verdure, a luxuriant growth of ivy, and also of *souvenirs*. Madame de Montespan had there a pavilion, to which she retired after her disgrace. She built a hospital, a short distance from her residence, with the last funds she received from the munificence of the king. A century later, Feuillancourt became the property of a botanist named Trochereau, who changed the French garden into an English park, and occupied himself with making a collection of indigenous and exotic plants, which he took great delight in cultivating. Trochereau had for a friend and fellow-laborer Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and for neighbor the Duke de Noailles. The philosopher planted with his own hands, at the foot of a poplar in the garden, an ivy, which has become a tree, and is cited, on account of its dimensions, as a very remarkable specimen of its species. The duke presented Trochereau with a *gingko biloba*, a tree, in those days, very rare in France. It is said that this *gingko* was the price of a bargain concluded between the Duke de Noailles and the botanist. The former was dying with a desire to see the author of "Emile," and the latter with a desire to possess the *gingko*. It was agreed that the tree should be added to the rich collection of Trochereau if he could succeed in conducting Jean-Jacques to the duke's. This was no easy matter, for Rousseau was at that time very misanthropic, especially with regard to the great. Trochereau, therefore, resorted to a ruse, and, pretending to go botanizing, he conducted the philosopher into the neighboring park, when the duke came upon them, as if by chance. Rousseau refused to go farther, stole away as soon as possible, and never returned again to Feuillancourt. Trochereau lost a friend, but he gained the *gingko biloba*. Feuillancourt belongs at present to M. Ch. Wallut.

But, if you take any interest in historic *souvenirs*, let us conduct you into the Wolves' Valley, in the neighborhood of Aulnay. There we shall find—provided it have not been recently destroyed—a house of a strange aspect, half-modern, half-Gothic, and behind this house a pretty park. This residence, which belongs at present, we believe, to a Rochefoucauld, was built by Chateaubriand, who has given us its history in his "Mémoires d'outre-tombe." "On my return from the Holy Land," says he, "I purchased, near the hamlet of Aulnay, in the neighborhood of Sceaux and of Châtenay, a gardener's house, hidden among hills covered with woods. The uneven and sandy ground attached to this house was nothing but a wild orchard, at the end of which there was a ravine and an underwood of chestnuts. This narrow space seemed to me the spot upon which I could realize my long-cherished hopes: *Spatio brevis sem longam resceat*. The trees I have planted there flourish, but they are still so small that I shade them when I place myself between them and the sun. One day, in returning this shade, they will protect my old age as I have protected their youth. I have chosen them, as far as possible, from the various climes where I have wandered; they will remind me of my travels, and beget in the depth of my heart other illusions. This spot pleases me; for me it has replaced my paternal acres; I have paid for it with the product of my dreams and vigils; it is to the great desert of Atala that I owe the little desert of Aulnay; and, to provide myself with this refuge, I have not, like the American planter, despoiled the Indian of the Floridas. I love my trees; to them I have addressed sonnets, elegies, and odes. There is not one among them that I have not tended with my own hands; that I have not delivered from the worm that destroyed its roots and the insect that devoured its leaves. I know them all by their names, as well as I do my children. They are my family. I have no other, and I hope to die near them. Here I wrote 'Les Martyrs,' 'Les Abencérages,' 'L'Itinéraire,' and 'Moïse.'"

"At a short distance from Versailles," says M. V. Bart, "there is a pretty valley, not so undulating, but more agreeable than those of Switzerland, inasmuch as it is not accompanied with rough glaciers, devastating torrents, and eternal snows. It

is the valley of Jony, irrigated by the tranquil and inoffensive waters of the Bièvre. There one lives quietly, amid the ordinary splendors of Nature. Many handsome villas adorn this favored spot, the most remarkable and important of which is the domain of Baron Mallet. This domain, sadly neglected and even devastated by its former proprietors, has entirely changed its physiognomy in the hands of its present possessor, who has spared no expense in realizing his own ideas of the ameliorations and embellishments, aided by the counsels of an able artist. The park of Jony is entirely enclosed, and covers an area of nearly three hundred acres. It is very undulating, carefully kept, and contains springs, cascades, streams, lawns, rocks, aviaries, a large wood, traversed by numerous alleys, leading to delightful views, conservatories, an orangery, and, above all, large plantations, useful, ornamental, and agreeable."

Near Versailles, we find also Rocquencourt, the beautiful and charming summer retreat of M. Furtado—beautiful on account of its great extent, eligible site, artistic design, and abundant shade; charming on account of the profusion and happy choice of its flowers. The hot-houses and winter-garden also evidence M. Furtado's exquisite taste in matters of floral decoration.

As we go from Paris, toward the north, we find, among other parks and gardens worthy of their reputation, in the department of the Oise, the park of Mouchy, which embraces a beautiful valley farther on in the department of the Somme, that of a rich and learned horticulturist, Count de Gomer; farther still, at a short distance from the Belgian frontier, the gardens of General Vandamme, which embrace the high hill of Cassel, the view from the summit of which commands an immense extent of country. General Vandamme died in 1830, at his residence in Cassel.

Another hero of the wars of the first empire, Marshal Oudinot, Duke de Reggio, possessed, at Jan d'Heurs, near Bar-le-Duc, a residence that belongs at present to M. Rattier. The park, restored within a few years past by M. Buehrer, is traversed by a charming river, the Saux, forming lakes, waterfalls, and rivulets.

We see that already the new aristocracy of France—the financial, industrial, and military—have, in many localities, provided themselves with residences that, in point of magnificence, are in no wise inferior to those of the old families. We observe, everywhere in France, the same emulation in matters of luxury between the nobility and the *haute bourgeoisie*.

In the department of the Yonne, we find only the parks of Saint-Fargeau and of Ancy-le-Franc. The former is the property of the Marquis de Boisgelin, the latter of the Duke de Clermont-Tonnerre. Saint-Fargeau is remarkable for its beautiful waters and its interior views; Ancy-le-Franc for its old chateau of the time of Henri II., and also for the abundance and the agreeable disposition of its pieces of water. The original symmetric garden of Ancy-le-Franc has been recently transformed into an English park. Its area is about two hundred and fifty acres.

If, from Bourgogne, we pass into Normandy, we shall have an opportunity to visit the magnificent domain of Maintenon, the property of the Duke de Noailles. On every side, the Eure encircles the chateau, with its *cour d'honneur* and terrace decorated in the style of Le Nôtre. It unites with the Voise, in the same park—designed in part according to the modern style—and traverses the enormous aqueduct, constructed under Louis XIV., to conduct the waters of the Eure to Versailles. In the department to which the river gives its name, we find the antique domain of Radepon, which is enriched by the ruins of a chateau of the time of Philippe-Auguste, that overlook a fertile valley. Unfortunately, this picturesque site is seriously marred by the near proximity of a number of factories, with their black walls and tall chimneys, that belch forth day and night clouds of thick, black smoke. Radepon belongs, at present, to M. Levasseur. Near to Alençon we have the

beautiful park of Verveine, the property of M. Crapelet. The most remarkable features of this park are its beautiful pieces of water, its delightful views, and a rich collection of exotic trees. The park of Broglie, belonging to the Duke de Broglie, is the work of a skilful Norman artist. "Here we find," says M. Joanne, "some beautiful alleys, pretty thickets, and delightful views, besides rocks, cascades, flowers in abundance, trees of a remarkable size," etc.

We are now in Normandy, that is, in one of the most fertile districts, the best watered, the most agreeably undulating that there is, not only in France, but in all Europe. The historic chateaux, the parks, and the gardens where, to obtain the happiest effects, art has nothing to do but to respect Nature, present themselves in great numbers to the admiring tourist. Let us content ourselves with naming a few at random—it would be too difficult to choose: Rosny, situated a short distance beyond Mantes, on the road to Rouen, has had illustrious proprietors—Sully, the Duchess de Berri, and a guest still more illustrious, Henri IV., who rested there from his fatigues after the battle of Ivry. This chateau, surrounded by a magnificent park, abounding in old, stately trees, belonged, a few years ago, to M. Le Marois. Bizy Park, near Vernon, is cited on account of its rapid streams, which fall in cascades from the summit of a steep hill. Canteleu, situated a short distance from Rouen, is a chateau built by Mansart. In the park may still be seen the remains of fortifications, that serve as a foundation for a belvedere, from which the view is one of the most pleasing and varied that can be imagined. In the environs of Bolbec, we are shown the villa of Madame Fauquet-Lemaître, whose park contains some beautiful avenues, some handsome pieces of water, and some magnificent views. On the road to Havre, we pass the chateau of Orcher, built upon an elevated terrace and surrounded by a park of a peculiar design, and kept with the greatest care. This chateau is the property of the Mortemart family.

Not far from the road that leads from Yvetot to Caudebec, the modern chateau of Villequier is situated on an eminence that overlooks the village of the same name and the course of the Seine. The park, entirely surrounded by wooded hills, extends over an inclined plane that reaches to the river. There are in Normandy several large gardens whose origin is attributed to Le Nôtre—that of the chateau of the Queen of Navarre, admirably situated on the banks of the Iton, but at present unkept; that of Saussaye, near Elbeuf; and that of Tronoq, in the fertile plain of Neubourg. One of the most renowned parks of Calvados is that of Lasso, the property of the Marchioness de Livry. It is English in its design, and planted with large trees, particularly with gigantic plane-trees. Another hardly less notable park in this neighborhood is that of Fresnay, which contains about two hundred and fifty acres. Its chief beauties are due to its rivulets, its cascades, and the undulating surface of the ground.

Let us turn toward the centre of France, a region less favored by Nature, but where the taste for horticulture is further advanced than in Normandy. It is, without doubt, due to the great number and beauty of its gardens, that Touraine is called the "Garden of France;" for this reason, at all events, the flattering surname is merited. The cultivation of plants and flowers of every climate, be it in the open air or in conservatories, warm, temperate, or cold; the choice of trees remarkable for their shape or their foliage; the imitation of Nature in its most varied and picturesque sites—these, if we do not err, are the proper elements to constitute a perfect garden. And these conditions are realized in several of the large gardens that are the pride of Touraine. We do not speak now of historic residences like Chambord, Chenonceaux, Azay-le-Rideau, but of chateaux and villas which, although they do not attract the ordinary tourist, are not less beautiful or less dear to their possessors. We will be content with citing, among the most beau-

tiful of these charming retreats, Villandry, owned by M. Hainguerlot, a chateau of the Renaissance at the confluence of the Loire and the Cher; Candé, the property of M. Drake del Castillo, on the left bank of the Indre; Mortier, belonging to Count de Flavigny, with its profusion of flowers arranged with exquisite taste; Cangé, the domain of Maurice Cottier, on the left bank of the Cher, overlooking the valley of the Loire above Tours; Bourdaisière, the ancient habitation of the brave Boucicaut, who, however, passed but little time there, for he spent his life in campaigning wherever an opportunity offered, and died a prisoner to the English. The chateau and the park have been restored to their former splendor by the present proprietor, Baron Angellier; Baudray, the property of General Reille, has a large, undulating park, with a heavy growth of trees and a plentiful supply of water; Rochefure, the country-seat of M. Lesèble, is remarkable for its rich collections of camellias and azaleas.

Before making a tour through Touraine, we should have pulled up near Orleans, at a park that tourists never fail to visit, and that is called the Parc de la Source. This park, nearly restored by a skilful artist, is not alone remarkable for its picturesque site and its beautiful vegetation; it contains two springs that are nothing less than the fountain-head of the Loiret. They were united in 1849 by a canal. The *grande source*, or *l'abîme*, is situated opposite the kitchens of the chateau; the smaller spring is farther to the east, and has the form of a funnel about ten feet deep: it is there that the course of the Loiret begins. One sees, besides, beyond the vegetable gardens and in the bed of the Loiret, a basin called the *Gouffre*, or the *Giere*, into which empties the rivulet Duis. The depth of the *Gouffre*, which, according to ancient traditions, was unfathomable, does not exceed forty or forty-five feet. Its form is semi-circular. In the centre there is an opening, in which the water of the Duis is entirely swallowed up, together with a portion of the water of the Loiret, which does not unite with that of the Duis. Sometimes, however, when the Loire reaches a certain height, the *Gouffre* seems to reject the waters that ordinarily flow into it, in the form of a whirlpool. The supposition is, therefore, that the *Gouffre* communicates with the Loire by a subterranean channel.

Two handsome parks, that of Valençay, owned by the Duke de Valençay, and that of Magnet, owned by M. Simons, are worthy of mention in the department of Indre. Both were designed by Buehler. Brittany offers but few pleasing sites, and even the gardens of this department seem to partake of the rough, forbidding appearance of the country. Nevertheless the Park of Locunolay, the property of the Viscount de Perrien, occupies an exceedingly pleasing and picturesque site. Not far from Nantes stands the old chateau of Clisson, purchased by the sculptor Lemont, who converted the *garenne* that surrounded it into an Arcadian park, with temples, grottos, a profusion of rock-work, etc.

As we advance toward the south of France, large gardens become more and more rare. We may, however, mention the Park of Lagrange, owned by M. Duchâtel, and that of Grenade, owned by M. de Carayon-Latour. Both are in the neighborhood of Bordeaux, and are more remarkable for their extent than for the elegance or originality of their composition. We must now descend to the southeast, as far as the coast of the Mediterranean, in order to see the gardens assume, thanks to the mildness of the climate, a new aspect that reminds one of the smiling gardens of Spain and Italy. Here we find no more old trees, verdant lawns, groves, or dense foliage—the decoration has changed. The northerner feels as though he were transported into another part of the world. He sees growing around him, in the open air, all those plants of the sub-tropical regions which, a few miles to the north, could not live during the greater part of the year, unless they were carefully protected and warmed in their glass prisons.





## THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

## PART THIRD.

## CHAPTER X.

## SMOOTHING THE WAY.

It has been often enough remarked that women have a curious power of divining the characters of men, which would seem to be innate and instinctive; seeing that it is arrived at through no patient process of reasoning, that it can give no satisfactory or sufficient account of itself, and that it pronounces in the most confident manner even against accumulated observation on the part of the other sex. But it has not been quite so often remarked that this power (fallible, like every other human attribute) is for the most part absolutely incapable of self-revision; and that when it has delivered an adverse opinion which by all human lights is subsequently proved to have failed, it is undistinguishable from prejudice, in respect of its determination not to be corrected. Nay, the very possibility of contradiction or disproof, however remote, communicates to this feminine judgment from the first, in nine cases out of ten, the weakness attendant on the testimony of an interested witness; so personally and strongly does the fair diviner connect herself with her divination.

"Now, don't you think, Ma, dear," said the Minor Canon to his mother one day as she sat at her knitting in his little book-room, "that you are rather hard on Mr. Neville?"

"No, I do not, Sept," returned the old lady.

"Let us discuss it, Ma."

"I have no objection to discuss it, Sept. I trust, my dear, I am always open to discussion." There was a vibration in the old lady's cap, as though she internally added, "And I should like to see the discussion that would change my mind!"

"Very good, Ma," said her conciliatory son. "There is nothing like being open to discussion."

"I hope not, my dear," returned the old lady, evidently shut to it.

"Well! Mr. Neville, on that unfortunate occasion, commits himself under provocation."

"And under mulled wine," added the old lady.

"I must admit the wine. Though I believe the two young men were much alike in that regard."

"I don't!" said the old lady.

"Why not, Ma?"

"Because I don't," said the old lady.

"Still, I am quite open to discussion."

"But, my dear Ma, I cannot see how we are to discuss, if you take that line."

"Blame Mr. Neville for it, Sept, and not me," said the old lady, with stately severity.

"My dear Ma! Why Mr. Neville?"

"Because," said Mrs. Crisparkle, retiring on first principles, "he came home intoxicated, and did great discredit to this house, and showed great disrespect to this family."

"That is not to be denied, Ma. He was then, and he is now, very sorry for it."

"But for Mr. Jasper's well-bred consideration in coming up to me next day, after service, in the Nave itself, with his gown still on, and expressing his hope that I had not been greatly alarmed or had my rest violently broken, I believe I might never have heard of that disgraceful transaction," said the old lady.

"To be candid, Ma, I think I should have kept it from you if I could, though I had not decidedly made up my mind. I was following Jasper out to confer with him on the subject, and to consider the expediency of his and my jointly hushing the thing up on all accounts, when I found him speaking to you. Then it was too late."

"Too late, indeed, Sept. He was still as pale as gentlemanly ashes at what had taken place in his rooms overnight."

"If I had kept it from you, Ma, you may be sure it would have been for your peace and quiet, and for the good of the young men, and in my best discharge of my duty according to my lights."

The old lady immediately walked across the room and kissed him, saying, "Of course, my dear Sept, I am sure of that."

"However, it became the town-talk," said Mr. Crisparkle, rubbing his ear, as his mother resumed her seat and her knitting, "and passed out of my power."

"And I said then, Sept," returned the old lady, "that I thought ill of Mr. Neville. And I say now, that I think ill of Mr. Neville. And I said then, and I say now, that I hope Mr. Neville may come to good, but I don't believe he will." Here the cap vibrated again considerably.

"I am sorry to hear you say so, Ma—"

"I am sorry to say so, my dear," interposed the old lady, knitting on firmly, "but I can't help it."

"—For," pursued the Minor Canon, "it is undeniable that Mr. Neville is exceedingly industrious and attentive, and that he improves apace, and that he has—I hope I may say—an attachment to me."

"There is no merit in the last article, my dear," said the old lady, quickly, "and if he says there is, I think the worse of him for the boast."

"But, my dear Ma, he never said there was."

"Perhaps not," returned the old lady; "still, I don't see that it greatly signifies."

There was no impatience in the pleasant look with which Mr. Crisparkle contemplated the pretty old piece of china as it knitted; but there was, certainly, a humorous sense of its not being a piece of china to argue with very closely.

"Besides, Sept. Ask yourself what he would be without his sister. You know what an influence she has over him; you know what a capacity she has; you know that whatever he reads with you, he reads with her. Give her her fair share of your praise, and how much do you leave for him?"

At these words Mr. Crisparkle fell into a little reverie, in which he thought of several things. He thought of the times he had seen the brother and sister together in deep converse over one of his own old college books;

now, in the riny mornings, when he made those sharpening pilgrimages to Cloisterham Weir; now, in the sombre evenings, when he faced the wind at sunset, having climbed his favorite outlook; and the two studious figures passed below him along the margin of the river, in which the town fires and lights already shone, making the landscape bleaker. He thought how the consciousness had stolen upon him that, in teaching one, he was teaching two; and how he had almost insensibly adapted his explanations to both minds—that with which his own was daily in contact, and that which he only approached through it. He thought of the gossip that had reached him from the Nuns' House, to the effect that Helena, whom he had mistrusted as so proud and fierce, submitted herself to the fairy-bride (as he called her), and learned from her what she knew. He thought of the picturesque alliance between those two, externally so very different. He thought—perhaps most of all—could it be that these things were yet but so many weeks old, and had become an integral part of his life?

As, whenever the Reverend Septimus fell a-musing, his good mother took it to be an infallible sign that he "wanted support," the blooming old lady made all haste to the dining-room closet, to produce from it the support embodied in a glass of Constantia and a home-made biscuit. It was a most wonderful closet, worthy of Cloisterham and of Minor Canon Corner. Above it, a portrait of Handel in a flowing wig beamed down at the spectator, with a knowing air of being up to the contents of the closet, and a musical air of intending to combine all its harmonies in one delicious fugue. No common closet with a vulgar door on hinges, openable all at once, and leaving nothing to be disclosed by degrees, this rare closet had a lock in mid-air, where two perpendicular slides met: the one falling down, and the other pushing up. The upper slide, on being pulled down (leaving the lower a double mystery), revealed deep shelves of pickle-jars, jam-pots, tin canisters, spice-boxes, and agreeably outlandish vessels of blue and white, the luscious lodgings of preserved tamarinds and ginger. Every benevolent inhabitant of this retreat had his name inscribed upon his stomach. The pickles, in a uniform of rich brown double-breasted buttoned coat, and yellow or sombre drab continuations, announced their portly forms, in printed capitals, as Walnut, Gherkin, Onion, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Mixed, and other members of that noble family. The jams, as being of a less masculine temperament, and as wearing curl-papers, announced themselves in feminine calligraphy, like a soft whisper, to be Raspberry, Gooseberry, Apricot, Plum, Damson, Apple, and Peach. The scene closing on these charmers, and the lower slide ascending, oranges were revealed, attended by a mighty japanned sugar-box, to temper their acerbity if unripe. Home-made biscuits waited at the Court of these Powers, accompanied by a goodly fragment of plum-cake, and various slender ladies' fingers, to be dipped into sweet wine and kissed. Lowest of all, a compact leaden vault enshrined

the sweet wine and a stock of cordials, whence issued whispers of Seville Orange, Lemon, Almond, and Caraway-seed. There was a crowning air upon this closet of closets, of having been for ages hummed through by the Cathedral bell and organ, until those venerable bees had made sublimated honey of every thing in store; and it was always observed that every dipper among the shelves (deep, as has been noticed, and swallowing up head, shoulders, and elbows) came forth again mellow-faced, and seeming to have undergone a saccharine transfiguration.

The Reverend Septimus yielded himself up quite as willing a victim to a nauseous medicinal herb-closet, also presided over by the china shepherdess, as to this glorious cupboard. To what amazing infusions of gentian, peppermint, gilliflower, sage, parsley, thyme, rue, rosemary, and dandelion, did his courageous stomach submit itself! In what wonderful wrappings, enclosing layers of dried leaves, would he swathe his rosy and contented face, if his mother suspected him of a toothache! What botanical blotches would he cheerfully stick upon his cheek or forehead, if the dear old lady convicted him of an imperscriptible pimple there! Into this herbaceous penitentiary, situated on an upper staircase-landing—a low and narrow white-washed cell, where bunches of dried leaves hung from rusty hooks in the ceiling, and were spread out upon shelves, in company with portentous bottles—would the Reverend Septimus submissively be led, like the highly-popular lamb who has so long and unresistingly been led to the slaughter, and there would he, unlike that lamb, bode nobody but himself. Not even doing that much, so that the old lady were busy and pleased, he would quietly swallow what was given him, merely taking a corrective dip of hands and face into the great bowl of dried rose-leaves, and into the other great bowl of dried lavender, and then would go out, as confident in the sweetening powers of Cloisterham Weir and a wholesome mind, as Lady Macbeth was hopeless of those of all the seas that roll.

In the present instance the good Minor Canon took his glass of Constantia with an excellent grace, and, so supported to his mother's satisfaction, applied himself to the remaining duties of the day. In their orderly and punctual progress they brought round Vesper Service and twilight. The Cathedral being very cold, he set off for a brisk trot after service; the trot to end in a charge at his favorite fragment of ruin, which was to be carried by storm, without a pause for breath.

He carried it in a masterly manner, and not breathed even then, stood looking down upon the river. The river at Cloisterham is sufficiently near the sea to throw up oftentimes a quantity of sea-weed. An unusual quantity had come in with the last tide, and this, and the confusion of the water, and the restless dipping and flapping of the noisy gulls, and an angry light out seaward beyond the brown-sailed barges that were turning back, foreshadowed a stormy night. In his mind he was contrasting the wild and noisy sea with the quiet harbor of Minor Canon Corner, when Helena and Neville Landless passed below him. He had had the two together in his thoughts all day, and at once climbed down to speak to them together. The footing was rough in an uncertain light for any tread save that of a good climber; but the Minor Canon was as good a climber as most men, and stood beside them before many good climbers would have been half-way down.

"A wild evening, Miss Landless. Do you not find your usual walk with your brother too exposed and cold for the time of year? Or, at all events, when the sun is down, and the weather is driving in from the sea?"

Helena thought not. It was their favorite walk. It was very retired.

"It is very retired," assented Mr. Crisparkle, laying hold of his opportunity straightway, and walking on with them. "It is a place of all others where one can speak without interruption, as I wish to do.—Mr. Neville, I believe you tell your sister every thing that passes between us?"

"Every thing, sir."

"Consequently," said Mr. Crisparkle, "your sister is aware that I have repeatedly

urged you to make some kind of apology for that unfortunate occurrence which befell on the night of your arrival here."

In saying it he looked to her, and not to him; therefore, it was she, and not he, that replied—

"Yes."

"I call it unfortunate, Miss Helena," resumed Mr. Crisparkle, "forasmuch as it certainly has engendered a prejudice against Neville. There is a notion about that he is a dangerously passionate fellow, of an uncontrollable and furious temper; he is really avoided as such."

"I have no doubt he is, poor fellow," said Helena, with a look of proud compassion at her brother, expressing a deep sense of his being ungenerously treated. "I should be quite sure of it, from your saying so; but what you tell me is confirmed by suppressed hints and references that I meet with every day."

"Now," Mr. Crisparkle again resumed, in a tone of mild though firm persuasion, "is not this to be regretted, and ought it not to be amended? These are early days of Neville's in Cloisterham, and I have no fear of his outliving such a prejudice, and proving himself to have been misunderstood. But how much wiser to take action at once than to trust to uncertain time! Besides, apart from its being politic, it is right. For there can be no question that Neville was wrong."

"He was provoked," Helena submitted.

"He was the assailant," Mr. Crisparkle submitted.

They walked on in silence, until Helena raised her eyes to the Minor Canon's face, and said, almost reproachfully, "Oh, Mr. Crisparkle, would you have Neville throw himself at young Drood's feet, or at Mr. Jasper's, who maligns him every day? In your heart you cannot mean it. From your heart you could not do it, if his case were yours."

"I have represented to Mr. Crisparkle, Helena," said Neville, with a glance of deference toward his tutor, "that if I could do it from my heart I would. But I cannot, and I revolt from the pretence. You forget, however, that to put the case to Mr. Crisparkle as his own, is to suppose Mr. Crisparkle to have done what I did."

"I ask his pardon," said Helena.

"You see," remarked Mr. Crisparkle, again laying hold of his opportunity, though with a moderate and delicate touch, "you both instinctively acknowledge that Neville did wrong! Then, why stop short, and not otherwise acknowledge it?"

"Is there no difference," asked Helena, with a little faltering in her manner, "between submission to a generous spirit, and submission to a base or trivial one?"

Before the worthy Minor Canon was quite ready with his argument in reference to this nice distinction, Neville struck in:

"Help me to clear myself with Mr. Crisparkle, Helena. Help me to convince him that I cannot be the first to make concessions without mockery and falsehood. My nature must be changed before I can do so, and it is not changed. I am sensible of inexpressible affront, and deliberate aggravation of inexpressible affront, and I am angry. The plain truth is, I am still as angry when I recall that night as I was that night."

"Neville," hinted the Minor Canon, with a steady countenance, "you have repeated that former action of your hands, which I so much dislike."

"I am sorry for it, sir, but it was involuntary. I confessed that I was still as angry."

"And I confess," said Mr. Crisparkle, "that I hoped for better things."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, sir, but it would be far worse to deceive you, and I should deceive you grossly if I pretended that you had softened me in this respect. The time may come when your powerful influence will do even that with the difficult pupil whose antecedents you know; but it has not come yet. Is this so, and in spite of my struggles against myself, Helena?"

She, whose dark eyes were watching the effect of what he said on Mr. Crisparkle's face, replied—to Mr. Crisparkle, not to him, "It is so." After a short pause, she an-

swered the slightest look of inquiry conceivable, in her brother's eyes, with as slight an affirmative bend of her own head; and he went on:

"I have never yet had the courage to say to you, sir, what in full openness I ought to have said when you first talked with me on this subject. It is not easy to say, and I have been withheld by a fear of its seeming ridiculous, which is very strong upon me down to this last moment, and might, but for my sister, prevent my being quite open with you even now.—I admire Miss Bud, sir, so very much, that I cannot bear her being treated with conceit or indifference; and even if I did not feel that I had an injury against young Drood on my own account, I should feel that I had an injury against him on hers."

Mr. Crisparkle, in utter amazement, looked at Helena for corroboration, and met in her expressive face full corroboration, and a plea for advice.

"The young lady of whom you speak is, as you know, Mr. Neville, shortly to be married," said Mr. Crisparkle, gravely; "therefore your admiration, if it be of that special nature which you seem to indicate, is outrageously misplaced. Moreover, it is monstrous that you should take upon yourself to be the young lady's champion against her chosen husband. Besides, you have seen them only once. The young lady has become your sister's friend; and I wonder that your sister, even on her behalf, has not checked you in this irrational and culpable fancy."

"She has tried, sir, but uselessly. Husband or no husband, that fellow is incapable of the feeling with which I am inspired, toward the beautiful young creature whom he treats like a doll. I say he is as incapable of it as he is unworthy of her. I say she is sacrificed in being bestowed upon him. I say that I love her, and despise and hate him!" This with a face so flushed, and a gesture so violent, that his sister crossed to his side and caught his arm, remonstrating, "Neville, Neville!"

Thus recalled to himself, he quickly became sensible of having lost the guard he had set upon his passionate tendency, and covered his face with his hand, as one repentant and wretched.

Mr. Crisparkle, watching him attentively, and at the same time meditating how to proceed, walked on for some paces in silence. Then he spoke:

"Mr. Neville, Mr. Neville, I am sorely grieved to see in you more traces of a character as sullen, angry, and wild, as the night now closing in. They are of too serious an aspect to leave me the resource of treating the infatuation you have disclosed as underserving serious consideration. I give it very serious consideration, and I speak to you accordingly. This feud between you and young Drood must not go on. I cannot permit it to go on any longer, knowing what I now know from you, and you living under my roof. Whatever prejudiced and unauthorized constructions your blind and envious wrath may put upon his character, it is a frank, good-natured character. I know I can trust to it for that. Now, pray observe what I am about to say. On reflection, and on your sister's representation, I am willing to admit that, in making peace with young Drood, you have a right to be met half-way. I will engage that you shall be, and even that young Drood shall make the first advance. This condition fulfilled, you will pledge me the honor of a Christian gentleman that the quarrel is forever at an end on your side. What may be in your heart when you give him your hand, can only be known to the Searcher of all hearts; but it will never go well with you if there be any treachery there. So far, as to that; next as to what I must again speak of as your infatuation. I understand it to have been confided to me, and to be known to no other person save your sister and yourself. Do I understand aright?"

Helena answered in a low voice, "It is only known to us three who are here together."

"It is not at all known to the young lady, your friend!"

"On my soul, no!"

"I require you, then, to give me your similar and solemn pledge, Mr. Neville, that it shall remain the secret it is, and that you will take no other action whatsoever upon it than endeavoring (and that most earnestly) to erase it from your mind. I will not tell you that it will soon pass; I will not tell you that it is the fancy of the moment; I will not tell you that such caprices have their rise and fall among the young and ardent every hour; I will leave you undisturbed in the belief that it has few parallels or none, that it will abide with you a long time, and that it will be very difficult to conquer. So much the more weight shall I attach to the pledge I require from you, when it is unreservedly given."

The young man twice or thrice essayed to speak, but failed.

"Let me leave you with your sister, whom it is time you took home," said Mr. Crisparkle. "You will find me alone in my room by-and-by."

"Pray do not leave us yet," Helena implored him. "Another minute."

"I should not," said Neville, pressing his hand upon his face, "have needed so much as another minute, if you had been less patient with me, Mr. Crisparkle, less considerate of me, and less unpromptingly good and true. O, if in my childhood I had known such a guide!"

"Follow your guide now, Neville," murmured Helena, "and follow him to heaven!"

There was that in her tone which broke the good Minor Canon's voice, or it would have repudiated her exaltation of him. As it was, he laid a finger on his lips, and looked toward her brother.

"To say that I give both pledges, Mr. Crisparkle, out of my innermost heart, and to say that there is no treachery in it, is to say nothing!" Thus Neville, greatly moved. "I beg your forgiveness for my miserable lapse into a burst of passion."

"Not mine, Neville, not mine. You know with whom forgiveness lies as the highest attribute conceivable. Miss Helena, you and your brother are twin-children. You came into this world with the same dispositions, and you passed your younger days together surrounded by the same adverse circumstances. What you have overcome in yourself, can you not overcome in him? You see the rock that lies in his course. Who but you can keep him clear of it?"

"Who but you, sir?" replied Helena. "What is my influence, or my weak wisdom, compared with yours?"

"You have the wisdom of Love," returned the Minor Canon, "and it was the highest wisdom ever known upon this earth, remember. As to mine—but the less said of that commonplace commodity the better. Good-night!"

She took the hand he offered her, and gratefully and almost reverently raised it to her lips.

"Tut!" said the Minor Canon, softly, "I am much overpaid!" And he turned away.

Retracing his steps toward the Cathedral Close, he tried, as he went along in the dark, to think out the best means of bringing to pass what he had promised to effect, and what must somehow be done. "I shall probably be asked to marry them," he reflected, "and I would they were married and gone! But this precesses first." He debated principally, whether he should write to Jasper Drood, or whether he should speak to Jasper. The consciousness of being popular with the whole Cathedral establishment inclined him to the latter course, and the well-timed sight of the lighted gate-house decided him to take it. "I will strike while the iron is hot," he said, "and see him now."

Jasper was lying asleep on a couch before the fire, when, having ascended the postern-stair, and received no answer to his knock at the door, Mr. Crisparkle gently turned the handle and looked in. Long afterward he had cause to remember how Jasper sprang from the couch in a delirious state between sleeping and waking, crying out, "What is the matter! Who did it?"

"It is only I, Jasper. I am sorry to have disturbed you."

The glare of his eyes settled down into a

look of recognition, and he moved a chair or two, to make a way to the fireside.

"I was dreaming at a great rate, and am glad to be disturbed from an indigestive after-dinner sleep. Not to mention that you are always welcome."

"Thank you. I am not confident," returned Mr. Crisparkle, as he sat himself down in the easy-chair placed for him, "that my subject will at first sight be quite as welcome as myself; but I am a minister of peace, and I pursue my subject in the interests of peace. In a word, Jasper, I want to establish peace between these two young fellows."

A very perplexed expression took hold of Mr. Jasper's face; a very perplexing expression too, for Mr. Crisparkle could make nothing of it.

"How?" was Jasper's inquiry, in a low and slow voice, after a silence.

"For the 'How' I come to you. I want to ask you to do me the great favor and service of interposing with your nephew (I have already interposed with Mr. Neville), and getting him to write you a short note, in his lively way, saying that he is willing to shake hands. I know what a good-natured fellow he is, and what influence you have with him. And, without in the least defending Mr. Neville, we must all admit that he was bitterly stung."

Jasper turned that perplexed face toward the fire. Mr. Crisparkle, continuing to observe it, found it even more perplexing than before, inasmuch as it seemed to denote (which could hardly be) some close internal calculation.

"I know that you are not prepossessed in Mr. Neville's favor," the Minor Canon was going on, when Jasper stopped him:

"You have cause to say so. I am not, indeed."

"Undoubtedly, and I admit his lamentable violence of temper, though I hope he and I will get the better of it between us. But I have exacted a very solemn promise from him as to his future demeanor toward your nephew, if you do kindly interpose; and I am sure he will keep it."

"You are always responsible and trustworthy, Mr. Crisparkle. Do you really feel sure that you can answer for him so confidently?"

"I do."

The perplexed and perplexing look vanished.

"Then you relieve my mind of a great dread and a heavy weight," said Jasper; "I will do it."

Mr. Crisparkle, delighted by the swiftness and completeness of his success, acknowledged it in the handsomest terms.

"I will do it," repeated Jasper, "for the comfort of having your guaranty against my vague and unfounded fears. You will laugh—but do you keep a Diary?"

"A line for a day; not more."

"A line for a day would be quite as much as my uneventful life would need. Heaven knows," said Jasper, taking a book from a desk; "but that my Diary is, in fact, a Diary of Ned's life too. You will laugh at this entry; you will guess when it was made:

"Past midnight.—After what I have just now seen, I have a morbid dread upon me of some horrible consequences resulting to my dear boy, that I cannot reason with or in any way contend against. All my efforts are vain. The demoniacal passion of this Neville Landless, his strength in his fury, and his savage rage for the destruction of its object, appall me. So profound is the impression, that twice since have I gone into my dear boy's room, to assure myself of his sleeping safely, and not lying dead in his blood."

"Here is another entry next morning:

"Ned up and away. Light-hearted and unsuspicious as ever. He laughed when I cautioned him, and said he was as good a man as Neville Landless any day. I told him that might be, but he was not as bad a man. He continued to make light of it, but I travelled with him as far as I could, and left him most unwillingly. I am unable to shake off these dark intangible presentiments of evil—if feelings founded upon staring facts are to be so called."

"Again and again," said Jasper, in conclusion, twirling the leaves of the book before putting it by, "I have relapsed into these moods, as other entries show. But I have

now your assurance at my back, and shall put it in my book, and make it an antidote to my black humors."

"Such an antidote, I hope," returned Mr. Crisparkle, "as will induce you before long to consign the black humors to the flames. I ought to be the last to find any fault with you this evening, when you have met my wishes so freely; but I must say, Jasper, that your devotion to your nephew has made you exaggerative here."

"You are my witness," said Jasper, shrugging his shoulders, "what my state of mind honestly was, that night, before I sat down to write, and in what words I expressed it. You remember objecting to a word I used, as being too strong? It was a stronger word than any in my Diary."

"Well, well. Try the antidote," rejoined Mr. Crisparkle, "and may it give you a brighter and better view of the case! We will discuss it no more, now. I have to thank you for myself, and I thank you sincerely."

"You shall find," said Jasper, as they shook hands, "that I will not do the thing you wish me to do by halves. I will take care that Ned, giving way at all, shall give way thoroughly."

On the third day after this conversation, he called on Mr. Crisparkle with the following letter:

"MY DEAR JACOB:

"I am touched by your account of your interview with Mr. Crisparkle, whom I much respect and esteem. At once I openly say that I forgot myself on that occasion quite as much as Mr. Landless did, and that I wish that by-gone to be a by-gone, and all to be right again."

"Look here, dear old boy. Ask Mr. Landless to dinner on Christmas Eve (the better the day the better the deed), and let there be only we three, and let us shake hands all round there and then, and say no more about it."

"My dear Jack,

"Ever your most affectionate,

"EDWIN DROOD."

"P. S.—Love to Miss Pussy at the next music-lesson."

"You expect Mr. Neville, then?" said Mr. Crisparkle.

"I count upon his coming," said Mr. Jasper.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A PICTURE AND A RING.

BEHIND the most ancient part of Holborn, London, where certain gabled-houses some centuries of age still stand looking on the public way, as if disconsolately looking for the Old Bourne that has long run dry, is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles, called Staple Inn. It is one of those nooks, the turning into which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears and velvet soles on his boots. It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to one another, "Let us play at country," and where a few feet of garden-mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings. Moreover, it is one of those nooks which are legal nooks; and it contains a little Hall, with a little lantern in its roof; to what obstructive purposes devoted, and at whose expense, this history knoweth not.

In the days when Cloisterham took offence at the existence of a railroad afar off, as menacing that sensitive constitution, the property of us Britons; the odd fortune of which sacred institutions it is to be in exactly equal degrees croaked about, trembled for, and boasted of, whatever happens to any thing, anywhere in the world; in those days no neighboring architecture of lofty proportions had arisen to overshadow Staple Inn. The western sun bestowed bright glances on it, and the southwest wind blew into it unimpeded.

Neither wind nor sun, however, favored Staple Inn, one December afternoon toward six o'clock, when it was filled with fog, and



candles shed murky and blurred rays through the windows of all its then-occupied sets of chambers; notably, from a set of chambers in a corner house in the little inner quadrangle, presenting in black and white over its ugly portal the mysterious inscription:

J P T  
1747.

In which set of chambers, never having troubled his head about the inscription, unless to bethink himself at odd times on glancing up at it, that haply it might mean Perhaps John Thomas, or Perhaps Joe Tyler, sat Mr. Grewgious, writing by his fire.

Who could have told, by looking at Mr. Grewgious, whether he had ever known ambition or disappointment? He had been bred to the Bar, and had laid himself out for chamber practice; to draw deeds; "convey, the wise it call," as Pistol says. But Conveyancing and he had made such a very indifferent marriage of it that they had separated by consent—if there can be said to be separation where there has never been coming together.

No. Coy Conveyancing would not come to Mr. Grewgious. She was wooed, not won, and they went their several ways. But an Arbitration being blown toward him by some unaccountable wind, and he gaining great credit in it as one indefatigable in seeking out right and doing right, a pretty fat Receivership was next blown into his pocket by a wind more traceable to its source. So, by chance, he had found his niche. Receiver and Agent now, to two rich estates, and deputing their legal business, in an amount worth having, to a firm of solicitors on the floor below, he had snuffed out his ambition (supposing him to have ever lighted it) and had settled down with his snuffers for the rest of his life under the dry vine and fig-tree of P. J. T., who planted in seventeen-forty-seven.

Many accounts and account-books, many files of correspondence, and several strong boxes, garnished Mr. Grewgious's room. They can scarcely be represented as having lumbered it, so conscientious and precise was their orderly arrangement. The apprehension of dying suddenly, and leaving one fact or one figure with any incompleteness or obscurity attaching to it, would have stretched Mr. Grewgious stone dead any day. The largest fidelity to a trust was the life-blood of the man. There are sorts of life-blood that course more quickly, more gayly, more attractively; but there is no better sort in circulation.

There was no luxury in his room. Even its comforts were limited to its being dry and warm, and having a snug though faded fire-side. What may be called its private life was confined to the hearth, and an easy-chair, and an old-fashioned occasional round table that was brought out upon the rug after business hours, from a corner where it elsewhere remained turned up like a shining mahogany shield. Behind it, when standing thus on the defensive, was a closet, usually containing something good to drink. An outer room was the clerk's room; Mr. Grewgious's sleeping-room was across the common stair; and he held some not empty cellars at the bottom of the common stair. Three hundred days in the year, at least, he crossed over to the hotel in Furnival's Inn for his dinner, and after dinner crossed back again, to make the most of these simplicities until it should become broad business day once more, with P. J. T., date seventeen-forty-seven.

As Mr. Grewgious sat and wrote by his fire that afternoon, so did the clerk of Mr. Grewgious sit and write by his fire. A pale, puffy-faced, dark-haired person of thirty, with big dark eyes that wholly wanted lustre, and a dissatisfied, doughy complexion, that seemed to ask to be sent to the baker's, this attendant was a mysterious being possessed of some strange power over Mr. Grewgious. As though he had been called into existence, like a fabulous Familiar, by a magic spell which had failed when required to dismiss him, he stuck tight to Mr. Grewgious's stool, although Mr. Grewgious's comfort and convenience would manifestly have been advanced by dispossessing him. A gloomy

person with tangled locks, and a general air of having been reared under the shadow of that baleful tree of Java which has given shelter to more lies than the whole botanical kingdom, Mr. Grewgious, nevertheless, treated him with unaccountable consideration.

"Now, Bazzard," said Mr. Grewgious, on the entrance of his clerk, looking up from his papers as he arranged them for the night, "what is in the wind besides fog?"

"Mr. Drood," said Bazzard.

"What of him?"

"Has called," said Bazzard.

"You might have shown him in."

"I am doing it," said Bazzard.

The visitor came in accordingly.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Grewgious, looking round his pair of office candles. "I thought you had called and merely left your name and gone. How do you do, Mr. Edwin? Dear me, you're choking?"

"It's this fog," returned Edwin, "and it makes my eyes smart like cayenne pepper."

"Is it really so bad as that? Pray undo your wrappers. It's fortunate I have so good a fire; but Mr. Bazzard has taken care of me."

"No, I haven't," said Mr. Bazzard, at the door.

"Ah!" Then it follows that I must have taken care of myself without observing it," said Mr. Grewgious. "Pray be seated in my chair. No. I beg! Coming out of such an atmosphere, in my chair."

Edwin took the easy-chair in the corner; and the fog he had brought in with him, and the fog he took off with his great-coat and neck-shawl, was speedily licked up by the eager fire.

"I look," said Edwin, smiling, "as if I had come to stop."

"—By-the-by," cried Mr. Grewgious, "excuse my interrupting you; do stop. The fog may clear in an hour or two. We can have dinner in from just across Holborn. You had better take your cayenne pepper here than outside; pray stop and dine."

"You are very kind," said Edwin, glancing about him, as though attracted by the notion of a new and relishing sort of gypsy-party.

"Not at all," said Mr. Grewgious; "you are very kind to join issue with a bachelor in chambers, and take pot-luck. And I'll ask," said Mr. Grewgious, dropping his voice, and speaking with a twinkling eye, as if inspired with a bright thought, "I'll ask Bazzard. He mightn't like it else.—Bazzard!"

Bazzard reappeared.

"Dine presently with Mr. Drood and me."

"If I am ordered to dine, of course I will, sir," was the gloomy answer.

"Save the man!" cried Mr. Grewgious.

"You're not ordered; you're invited."

"Thank you, sir," said Bazzard; "in that case I don't care if I do."

"That's arranged. And perhaps you wouldn't mind," said Mr. Grewgious, "stepping over to the hotel in Furnival's, and asking them to send in materials for laying the cloth. For dinner we'll have a tureen of the hottest and strongest soup available, and we'll have the best-made dish that can be recommended, and we'll have a joint (such as a haunch of mutton), and we'll have a goose, or a turkey, or any little stuffed thing of that sort that may happen to be in the bill of fare—in short, we'll have whatever there is on hand."

These liberal directions Mr. Grewgious issued with his usual air of reading an inventory, or repeating a lesson, or doing any thing else by rote. Bazzard, after drawing out the round table, withdrew to execute them.

"I was a little delicate, you see," said Mr. Grewgious, in a lower tone, after his clerk's departure, "about employing him in the foraging or commissariat department. Because he mightn't like it."

"He seems to have his own way, sir," remarked Edwin.

"His own way!" returned Mr. Grewgious.

"Oh, dear, no! Poor fellow, you quite mistake him. If he had his own way, he wouldn't be here."

"I wonder where he would be!" Edwin thought. But he only thought it, because Mr. Grewgious came and stood himself with

his back to the other corner of the fire, and his shoulder-blades against the chimney-piece, and collected his skirts for easy conversation.

"I take it, without having the gift of prophecy, that you have done me the favor of looking in to mention that you are going down yonder—where I can tell you, you are expected—and to offer to execute any little commission from me to my charming ward, and perhaps to sharpen me up a bit in any proceedings? Eh, Mr. Edwin?"

"I called, sir, before going down, as an act of attention."

"Of attention!" said Mr. Grewgious.

"Ah! of course, not of impatience?"

"Impatience, sir?"

Mr. Grewgious had meant to be arch—not that he, in the remotest degree, expressed that meaning—and had brought himself into scarcely supportable proximity with the fire, as if to burn the fullest effect of his archness into himself, as other subtle impressions are burned into hard metals. But his archness suddenly flying before the composed face and manner of his visitor, and only the fire remaining, he started, and rubbed himself.

"I have lately been down yonder," said Mr. Grewgious, rearranging his skirts; "and that was what I referred to when I said I could tell you you are expected."

"Indeed, sir! Yes, I knew that Pussy was looking out for me."

"Do you keep a cat down there?" asked Mr. Grewgious.

Edwin colored a little as he explained, "I call Ross Pussy."

"Oh, really," said Mr. Grewgious, smoothing down his head, "that's very affable."

Edwin glanced at his face, uncertain whether or no he seriously objected to the appellation. But Edwin might as well have glanced at the face of a clock.

"A pet name, sir," he explained again.

"Umphs," said Mr. Grewgious, with a nod. But with such an extraordinary compromise between an unequalled assent and a qualified dissent, that his visitor was much disconcerted.

"Did P-Rosa—" Edwin began, by way of recovering himself.

"P-Rosa?" repeated Mr. Grewgious.

"I was going to say Pussy, and changed my mind; did she tell you any thing about the Landladies?"

"No," said Mr. Grewgious. "What is the Landladies? An estate? A villa? A farm?"

"A brother and sister. The sister is at the Nuns' House, and has become a great friend of P—"

"P-Rosa's," Mr. Grewgious struck in, with a fixed face.

"She is a strikingly handsome girl, sir," and I thought she might have been described to you, or presented to you, perhaps?"

"Neither," said Mr. Grewgious. "But here is Bazzard."

Bazzard returned, accompanied by two waiters—an immovable waiter and a flying waiter; and the three brought in with them as much fog as gave a new roar to the fire. The flying waiter, who had brought every thing on his shoulders, laid the cloth with amazing rapidity and dexterity; while the immovable waiter, who had brought nothing, found fault with him. The flying waiter then highly polished all the glasses he had brought, and the immovable waiter looked through them. The flying waiter then flew across Holborn for the soup, and flew back again, and then took another flight for the made-dish and flew back again, and then took another flight for the joint and poultry and flew back again, and between whiles took supplementary flights for a great variety of articles, as it was discovered from time to time that the immovable waiter had forgotten them all. But let the flying waiter cleave the air as he might, he was always reproached on his return by the immovable waiter for bringing fog with him, and being out of breath. At the conclusion of the repast, by which time the flying waiter was severely blown, the immovable waiter gathered up the table-cloth under his arm with a grand air, and having sternly (not to say with indignation) looked on at the flying waiter while he set clean glasses around, directed a valdictory glance toward Mr. Grewgious, conveying,

"Let it be clearly understood between us that the reward is mine, and that Nil is the claim of this slave," and pushed the flying waiter before him out of the room.

It was like a highly-finished miniature painting representing My Lords of the Circumlocutionary Department, Commandership-in-Chief of any sort, Government. It was quite an edifying little picture to be hung on the line in the National Gallery.

As the fog had been the proximate cause of this sumptuous repast, so the fog served for its general sauce. To hear the out-door clerks, sneezing, wheezing, and beating their feet on the gravel was a zest far surpassing Doctor Kitchener's. To bid, with a shiver, the unfortunate flying waiter shut the door before he had opened it, was a condiment of a profounder flavor than Harvey. And here let it be noticed parenthetically that the leg of this young man in its application to the door evinced the finest sense of touch always preceding himself and tray (with something of an angling air about it), by some seconds, and always lingering after he and the tray had disappeared, like Macbeth's leg when accompanying him off the stage with reluctance to the assassination of Duncan.

The host had gone below to the cellar, and had brought up bottles of ruby, straw-colored, and golden drinks, which had ripened long ago in lands where no fogs are, and had since lain slumbering in the shade. Sparkling and tingling after so long a nap, they pushed at their corks to help the cork-screw (like prisoners helping rioters to force their gates), and danced off gayly. If P. J. T. in seventeen-forty-seven, or in any other year of his period, drank such wines, then, for a certainty, P. J. T. was Pretty Jolly Too.

Externally, Mr. Grewgious showed no signs of being mellowed by these glowing vintages. Instead of his drinking them, they might have been poured over him in his high-dried snuff form, and run to waste, for any lights and shades they caused to flicker over his face. Neither was his manner influenced. But, in his wooden way, he had observant eyes for Edwin; and when, at the end of dinner, he motioned Edwin back to his own easy-chair in the fireside corner, and Edwin luxuriously sank into it after very brief remonstrance, Mr. Grewgious, as he turned his seat round toward the fire too, and smoothed his head and face, might have been seen looking at his visitor between his smoothing fingers.

"Bazzard!" said Mr. Grewgious, suddenly turning to him.

"I follow you, sir," returned Bazzard, who had done his work of consuming meat and drink, in a workmanlike manner, though mostly in speechlessness.

"I drink to you, Bazzard; Mr. Edwin, success to Mr. Bazzard!"

"Success to Mr. Bazzard!" echoed Edwin, with a totally unfounded appearance of enthusiasm, and with the unspoken addition, "What in, I wonder!"

"And May!" pursued Mr. Grewgious,—"I am not at liberty to be definite—May!—my conversational powers are so very limited that I know I shall not come well out of this—May!—it ought to be put imaginatively, but I have no imagination—May!—the thorn of anxiety is as nearly the mark as I am likely to get—May it come out at last!"

Mr. Bazzard, with a frowning smile at the fire, put a hand into his tangled locks; as if the thorn of anxiety were there; then into his waistcoat, as if it were there; then into his pockets, as if it were there. In all these movements he was closely followed by the eyes of Edwin, as if that young gentleman expected to see the thorn in action. It was not produced, however, and Mr. Bazzard merely said, "I follow you, sir, and I thank you."

"I am going," said Mr. Grewgious, jingling his glass on the table with one hand and bending aside under cover of the other to whisper to Edwin, "to drink to my ward. But I put Bazzard first. He mightn't like it else."

This was said with a mysterious wink; or what would have been a wink, if, in Mr. Grewgious's hands, it could have been quick enough. So Edwin winked responsively without the least idea what he meant by doing so.

"And now," said Mr. Grewgious, "I de-

vote a bumper to the fair and fascinating Miss Rosa. Bazzard, the fair and fascinating Miss Rosa!"

"I follow you, sir," said Bazzard, "and I pledge you!"

"And so do I!" said Edwin.

"Lord bless me!" cried Mr. Grewgious, breaking the blank silence which of course ensued, though why these pauses *should* come upon us when we have performed any small social rite not directly inductive of self-examination or mental despondency who can tell! "I am a particularly Angular man, and yet I fancy (if I may use the word, not having a morsel of fancy) that I could draw a picture of a true lover's state of mind to-night."

"Let us follow you, sir," said Bazzard, "and have the picture."

"Mr. Edwin will correct it where it's wrong," resumed Mr. Grewgious, "and will throw in a few touches from the life. I dare say it is wrong in many particulars, and wants many touches from the life, for I was born a Chip, and have neither soft sympathies nor soft experiences. Well! I hazard the guess that the true lover's mind is completely permeated by the beloved object of his affections. I hazard the guess that her dear name is precious to him, cannot be heard or repeated without emotion, and is preserved sacred. If he has any distinguishing appellation of fondness for her, it is reserved for her, and is not for common ears. A name that it would be a privilege to call her by, being alone with her own bright self, it would be a liberty, a coldness, an insensibility, almost a breach of good faith, to flaunt elsewhere."

It was wonderful to see Mr. Grewgious sitting bolt upright, with his hands on his knees continuously chopping this discourse out of himself, much as a charity-boy with a very good memory might get his catechism said, and evincing no correspondent emotion whatever, unless in a certain occasional little tingling perceptible at the end of his nose.

"My picture," Mr. Grewgious proceeded, "goes on to represent (under correction from you, Mr. Edwin) the true lover as ever impatient to be in the presence or vicinity of the beloved object of his affections, as caring very little for his ease in any other society, and as constantly seeking that. If I was to say seeking that as a bird seeks its nest, I should make an ass of myself, because that would trench upon what I understand to be poetry; and I am so far from trenching upon poetry at any time, that I never to my knowledge got within ten thousand miles of it. And I am besides totally unacquainted with the habits of birds, except the birds of Staple Inn, who seek their nests on ledges and in gutter-pipes and chimney-pots, not constructed for them by the beneficent hand of Nature. I beg, therefore, to be understood as foregoing the bird's-nest. But my picture does represent the true lover as having no existence separable from that of the beloved object of his affections, and as living at once a doubled life and a halved life. And if I do not clearly express what I mean by that, it is either for the reason that having no conversational powers, I cannot express what I mean, or that having no meaning, I do not mean what I fail to express. Which, to the best of my belief, is not the case."

Edward had turned red and turned white as certain points of this picture came into the light. He now sat looking at the fire and bit his lip.

"The speculations of an Angular man," resumed Mr. Grewgious, still sitting and speaking exactly as before, "are probably erroneous on so globular a topic. But I figure to myself (subject as before to Mr. Edwin's correction) that there can be no coolness, no lassitude, no doubt, no indifference, no half-fire and half-smoke state of mind in a real lover. Pray am I at all near the mark in my picture?"

As abrupt in his conclusion as in his commencement and progress, he jerked this inquiry at Edwin, and stopped when one might have supposed him in the middle of his oration.

"I should say, sir," stammered Edwin, "as you refer the question to me—"

"Yes," said Mr. Grewgious, "I refer it to you as an authority."

"I should say then, sir," Edwin went on embarrassed, "that the picture you have drawn is generally correct; but I submit that perhaps you may be rather hard upon the unlucky lover."

"Likely so," assented Mr. Grewgious, "likely so. I am a hard man in the grain."

"He may not show," said Edwin, "all he feels; or he may not—"

There he stopped so long to find the rest of his sentence that Mr. Grewgious rendered his difficulty a thousand times the greater by unexpectedly striking in with—

"No, to be sure; he *may* not!"

After that they all sat silent; the silence of Mr. Bazzard being occasioned by slumber.

"His responsibility is very great though," said Mr. Grewgious, at length, with his eyes on the fire.

Edwin nodded assent, with his eyes on the fire.

"And let him be sure that he trifles with no one," said Mr. Grewgious; "neither with himself, nor with any other."

Edwin bit his lip again, and still sat looking at the fire.

"He must not make a plaything of a treasure. Woe betide him if he does! Let him take that well to heart," said Mr. Grewgious.

Though he said these things in short sentences, much as the supposititious charity-boy just now referred to might have repeated a verse or two from the Book of Proverbs, there was something dreamy (for so literal a man) in the way in which he now shook his right forefinger at the live coals in the grate, and again fell silent.

But not for long. As he sat upright and stiff in his chair, he suddenly rapped his knees, like the carved image of some queer Joss or other coming out of its reverie, and said, "We must finish this bottle, Mr. Edwin. Let me help you. I'll help Bazzard, too, though he *is* asleep. He mightn't like it else."

He helped them both, and helped himself, and drained his glass, and stood it bottom upward on the table, as though he had just caught a bluebottle in it.

"And now, Mr. Edwin," he proceeded, wiping his mouth and hands upon his handkerchief, "to a little piece of business. You received from me, the other day, a certified copy of Miss Rosa's father's will. You knew its contents before, but you received it from me as a matter of business. I should have sent it to Mr. Jasper, but for Miss Rosa's wishing it to come straight to you, in preference. You received it?"

"Quite safely, sir."

"You should have acknowledged its receipt," said Mr. Grewgious, "business being business all the world over. However, you did not."

"I meant to have acknowledged it when I first came in this evening, sir."

"Not a business-like acknowledgment," returned Mr. Grewgious; "however, let that pass. Now, in that document you have observed a few words of kindly allusion to its being left to me to discharge a little trust, confided to me in conversation, at such time as I in my discretion may think best."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Edwin, it came into my mind just now, when I was looking at the fire, that I could, in my discretion, acquit myself of that trust at no better time than the present. Favor me with your attention half a minute."

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, singled out by the candle-light the key he wanted, and then, with a candle in his hand, went to a bureau or escritoire, unlocked it, touched the spring of a little secret drawer, and took from it an ordinary ring-case made for a single ring. With this in his hand, he returned to his chair. As he held it up for the young man to see, his hand trembled.

"Mr. Edwin, this rose of diamonds and rubies, delicately set in gold, was a ring belonging to Miss Rosa's mother. It was removed from her dead hand, in my presence, with such distracted grief as I hope it may never be my lot to contemplate again. Hard man as I am, I am not hard enough for that. See how bright these stones shine!" opening the case. "And yet the eyes that were so much brighter, and that so often looked upon them with a light and a proud

heart, have been ashes among ashes, and dust among dust, some years! If I had any imagination (which it is needless to say I have not), I might imagine that the lasting beauty of these stones was almost cruel."

He closed the case again as he spoke. "This ring was given to the young lady who was drowned so early in her beautiful and happy career, by her husband, when they first pledged their faith to one another. It was he who removed it from her unconscious hand, and it was he who, when his death drew very near, placed it in mine. The trust in which I received it, was, that, you and Miss Rosa growing to manhood and womanhood, and your betrothal prospering and coming to maturity, I should give it to you to place upon her finger. Failing those desired results, it was to remain in my possession."

Some trouble was in the young man's face, and some indecision was in the action of his hand, as Mr. Grewgious, looking steadfastly at him, gave him the ring.

"Your placing it on her finger," said Mr. Grewgious, "will be the solemn seal upon your strict fidelity to the living and the dead. You are going to her, to make the last irrevocable preparations for your marriage. Take it with you."

The young man took the little case and placed it in his breast.

"If any thing should be amiss, if any thing should be even slightly wrong between you, if you should have any secret consciousness that you are committing yourself to this step for no higher reason than because you have long been accustomed to look forward to it; then," said Mr. Grewgious, "I charge you once more, by the living and by the dead, to bring that ring back to me."

Here Bazzard awoke himself by his own snoring; and, as is usual in such cases, sat apoplectically staring at vacancy, as defying vacancy to accuse him of having been asleep.

"Bazzard!" said Mr. Grewgious, harder than ever.

"I follow you, sir," said Bazzard, "and I have been following you."

"In discharge of a trust, I have handed Mr. Edwin Drood a ring of diamonds and rubies. You see?"

Edwin reproduced the little case, and opened it; and Bazzard looked into it.

"I follow you both, sir," returned Bazzard, "and I witness the transaction."

Evidently anxious to get away and be alone, Edwin Drood now resumed his outer clothing, muttering something about time and appointments. The fog was reported no clearer (by the flying waiter, who alighted from a speculative flight in the coffee interest), but he went out into it; and Bazzard, after his manner, "followed" him.

Mr. Grewgious, left alone, walked softly and slowly to and fro for an hour and more. He was restless to-night, and seemed dispirited.

"I hope I have done right," he said. "The appeal to him seemed necessary. It was hard to lose the ring, and yet it must have gone from me very soon."

He closed the empty little drawer with a sigh, and sat and looked at the escritoire, and came back to the solitary fireside.

"Her ring," he went on. "Will it come back to me? My mind hangs about her ring very uneasily to-night. But that is explainable. I have had it so long, and I have prized it so much! I wonder—"

He was in a wondering mood as well as a restless; for, though he checked himself at that point and took another walk, he resumed his wondering when he sat down again.

"I wonder (for the ten thousandth time, and what a weak fool I, for what can it signify now!) whether he confided the charge of their orphan child to me because he knew— Good God, how like her mother she has become!

"I wonder whether he ever so much as suspected that some one doted on her at a hopeless, speechless distance when he struck in and won her! I wonder whether it ever crept into his mind who that unfortunate some one was!

"I wonder whether I shall sleep to-night! At all events, I will shut out the world with the bedclothes and try."

Mr. Grewgious crossed the staircase to his

raw and foggy bedroom, and was soon ready for bed. Dimly catching sight of his face in the misty looking-glass, he held his candle to it for a moment.

"A likely some one, you, to come into anybody's thoughts in such an aspect!" he exclaimed. "There, there! there! Get to bed, poor man, and cease to jabber!"

With that he extinguished his light, pulled up the bedclothes around him, and, with another sigh, shut out the world. And yet there are such unexplored romantic nooks in the unlikelyst men, that even old tinderous and touch-woody P. J. T. Possibly jabbered. Thus, at some odd times, in or about seventeen-forty-seven.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A NIGHT WITH DURDLES.

WHEN Mr. Sapsea has nothing better to do, toward evening, and finds the contemplation of his own profundity becoming a little monotonous in spite of the vastness of the subject, he often takes an airing in the Cathedral Close and thereabout. He likes to pass the churchyard with a swelling air of proprietorship, and to encourage in his breast a sort of benignant-landlord feeling, in that he has been bountiful toward that meritorious tenant, Mrs. Sapsea, and has publicly given her a prize. He likes to see a stray face or two looking in through the railings, and perhaps reading his inscription. Should he meet a stranger coming from the churchyard with a quick step, he is morally convinced that the stranger is "with a blush retiring," as monumentally directed.

Mr. Sapsea's importance has received enhancement, for he has become Mayor of Cloisterham. Without mayors and many of them, it cannot be disputed that the whole framework of society—Mr. Sapsea is confident that he invented that forcible figure—would fall to pieces. Mayors have been knighted for "going up" with addresses: explosive machines intrepidly discharging shot and shell into the English Grammar. Mr. Sapsea may "go up" with an address. Rise, Sir Thomas Sapsea! Of such is the salt of the earth.

Mr. Sapsea has improved the acquaintance of Mr. Jasper, since their first meeting to partake of port, epitaph, backgammon, beef, and salad. Mr. Sapsea has been received at the Gate House with kindred hospitality; and on that occasion Mr. Jasper seated himself at the piano, and sang to him, tickling his ears—figuratively, long enough to present a considerable area for tickling. What Mr. Sapsea likes in that young man, is, that he is always ready to profit by the wisdom of his elders, and that he is sound, sir, at the core. In proof of which, he sang to Mr. Sapsea that evening, no kickshaw ditties, favorites with national enemies, but gave him the genuine George the Third home-brewed; exhorting him (as "my brave boys") to reduce to a smashed condition all other islands but this island, and all continents, peninsulas, isthmuses, promontories, and other geographical forms of land soever, besides sweeping the seas in all directions. In short, he rendered it pretty clear that Providence made a distinct mistake in originating so small a nation of hearts of oak, and so many other verminous peoples.

Mr. Sapsea, walking slowly this moist evening near the churchyard with his hands behind him, on the lookout for a blushing and retiring stranger, turns a corner, and comes instead into the goodly presence of the Dean, conversing with the Verger and Mr. Jasper. Mr. Sapsea makes his obeisance, and is instantly stricken far more ecclesiastical than any Archbishop of York, or Canterbury.

"You are evidently going to write a book about us, Mr. Jasper," quoth the Dean; "to write a book about us. Well! We are very ancient, and we ought to make a good book. We are not so richly endowed in possessions as in age; but perhaps you will put that in your book, among other things, and call attention to our wrongs."

Mr. Tope, as in duty bound, is greatly entertained by this.

"I really have no intention at all, sir," replies Jasper, "of turning author, or archaologist. It is but a whim of mine. And even for my whim, Mr. Sapsea here is more accountable than I am."

"How so, Mr. Mayor?" says the Dean, with a nod of good-natured recognition of his fetch. "How is that, Mr. Mayor?"

"I am not aware," Mr. Sapsea remarks, looking about him for information, "to what the Very Reverend the Dean does me the honor of referring." And then falls to studying his original in minute points of detail.

"Durdles," Mr. Tope hints.

"Ay!" the Dean echoes; "Durdles, Durdles!"

"The truth is, sir," explains Jasper, "that my curiosity in the man was first really stimulated by Mr. Sapsea. Mr. Sapsea's knowledge of mankind, and power of drawing out whatever is recondite or odd around him, first led to my bestowing a second thought upon the man: though of course I had met him constantly about. You would not be surprised by this, Mr. Dean, if you had seen Mr. Sapsea deal with him in his own parlor, as I did."

"Oh!" cries Sapsea, picking up the ball thrown to him with ineffable complacency and pomposity; "yes, yes. The Very Reverend the Dean refers to that? Yes. I happened to bring Durdles and Mr. Jasper together. I regard Durdles as a Character."

"A character, Mr. Sapsea, that with a few skilful touches you turn inside out," says Jasper.

"Nay, not quite that," returns the lumbering auctioneer. "I may have a little influence over him, perhaps; and a little insight into his character, perhaps. The Very Reverend the Dean will please to bear in mind that I have seen the world." Here Mr. Sapsea gets a little behind the Dean, to inspect his coat-buttons.

"Well!" says the Dean, looking about him to see what has become of his copyist: "I hope, Mr. Mayor, you will use your study and knowledge of Durdles to the good purpose of exhorting him not to break our worthy and respected Cl. Master's neck; we cannot afford it; his head and voice are much too valuable to us."

Mr. Tope is again highly entertained, and, having fallen into respectful convulsions of laughter, subsides into a deferential murmur, importing that surely any gentleman would deem it a pleasure and an honor to have his neck broken, in return for such a compliment from such a source.

"I will take it upon myself, sir," observes Sapsea, loftily, "to answer for Mr. Jasper's neck. I will tell Durdles to be careful of it. He will mind what I say. How is it at present endangered?" he inquires, looking about him with magnificent patronage.

"Only by my making a moonlight expedition with Durdles among the tombs, vaults, towers, and ruins," returns Jasper. "You remember suggesting when you brought us together that, as a lover of the picturesque, it might be worth my while?"

"I remember!" replies the auctioneer. And the solemn idiot really believes that he does remember.

"Profiting by your hint," pursues Jasper, "I have had some day-rambles with the extraordinary old fellow, and we are to make a moonlight hole-and-corner exploration to-night."

"And here he is," says the Dean. Durdles, with his dinner-bundle in his hand, is indeed beheld slouching toward them. Slouching nearer, and perceiving the Dean, he pulls off his hat, and is slouching away with it under his arm, when Mr. Sapsea stops him.

"Mind you take care of my friend," is the injunction Mr. Sapsea lays upon him.

"What friend of yours is dead?" asks Durdles. "No orders has come in for any friend of yours."

"I mean my live friend, there."

"Oh! Him?" says Durdles. "He can take care of himself, can Mister Jasper."

"But do you take care of him, too," says Sapsea.

Whom Durdles (there being command in his tone) surlily surveys from head to foot.

"With submission to his Reverence the



Dean, if you'll mind what concerns you, Mr. Sapsea, Durdles he'll mind what concerns him."

"You're out of temper," says Mr. Sapsea, winking to the company to observe how smoothly he will manage him. "My friend concerns me, and Mr. Jasper is my friend. And you are my friend."

"Don't you get into a bad habit of boasting," retorts Durdles, with a grave, cautionary nod. "It'll grow upon you."

"You are out of temper," says Sapsea again, reddening, but again winking to the company.

"I own to it," returns Durdles; "I don't like liberties."

Mr. Sapsea winks a third wink to the company, as who should say: "I think you will agree with me that I have settled *his* business;" and stalks out of the controversy.

Durdles then gives the Dean a good-evening, and adding, as he puts his hat on, "You'll find me at home, Mister Jasper, as agreed, when you want me: I'm a-going home to clean myself," soon slouches out of sight. This going home to clean himself is one of the man's incomprehensible compromises with inexorable facts; he, and his hat, and his boots, and his clothes, never showing any trace of cleaning, but being uniformly in one condition of dust and grit.

The lamplighter now dotting the quiet Close with specks of light, and running at a great rate up and down his little ladder with that object—his little ladder under the sacred shadow of whose inconvenience generations had grown up, and which all Cloisterham would have stood aghast at the idea of abolishing—the Dean withdraws to his dinner, Mr. Tope to his tea, and Mr. Jasper to his piano. There, with no light but that of the fire, he sits chanting choir-music in a low and beautiful voice, for two or three hours; in short, until it has been for some time dark, and the moon is about to rise.

Then, he closes his piano softly, softly changes his coat for a pea-jacket, with a goodly wicker-cased bottle in its largest pocket, and, putting on a low-crowned flat-brimmed hat, goes softly out. Why does he move so softly to-night? No outward reason is apparent for it. Can there be any sympathetic reason crouching darkly within him?

Repairing to Durdles's unfinished house, or hole in the city wall, and seeing a light within it, he softly picks his course among the grave-stones, monuments, and stony lumber of the yard, already touched here and there, sidewise, by the rising moon. The two journeymen have left their two great saws sticking in their blocks of stone; and two skeleton journeymen out of the Dance of Death might be grinning in the shadow of their sheltering sentry-boxes, about to slash away at cutting out the grave-stones of the next two people destined to die in Cloisterham. Likely enough, the two think little of that now, being alive, and perhaps merry. Curious, to make a guess at the two—or say, at one of the two!

"Ho! Durdles!"

The light moves, and he appears with it at the door. He would seem to have been "cleaning himself" with the aid of a bottle, jug, and tumbler; for no other cleansing-instruments are visible in the bare brick room, with rafters overhead and no plastered ceiling, into which he shows his visitor.

"Are you ready?"

"I am ready, Mister Jasper. Let the old uns come out if they dare, when we go among their tombs. My spirits is ready for 'em."

"Do you mean animal spirits, or ardent?"

"The one's the t'other," answers Durdles, "and I mean 'em both."

He takes a lantern from a hook, puts a match or two in his pocket wherewith to light it, should there be need, and they go out together, dinner-bundle and all.

Surely an unaccountable sort of expedition! That Durdles himself, who is always prowling among old graves and ruins, like a Ghoul—that he should be stealing forth to climb, and dive, and wander without an object, is nothing extraordinary; but that the Choir Master or any one else should hold it

worth his while to be with him, and to study moonlight effects in such company, is another affair. Surely an unaccountable sort of expedition therefore!

"Ware that there moun by the yard-gate, Mister Jasper."

"I see it. What is it?"

"Lime."

Mr. Jasper stops, and waits for him to come up, for he lags behind. "What you call quick-lime?"

"Ay!" says Durdles; "quick enough to eat your boots. With a little handy stirring, quick enough to eat your bones."

They go on, presently passing the red windows of the Travellers' Twopenny, and emerging into the clear moonlight of the Monks' Vineyard. This crossed, they come to Minor Canon Corner: of which the greater part lies in shadow until the moon shall rise higher in the sky.

The sound of a closing house-door strikes their ears, and two men come out. These are Mr. Crisparkle and Neville. Jasper, with a strange and sudden smile upon his face, lays the palm of his hand upon the breast of Durdles, stopping him where he stands.

At that end of Minor Canon Corner the shadow is profound in the existing state of the light: at that end, too, there is a piece of old dwarf wall, breast-high, the only remaining boundary of what was once a garden, but is now the thoroughfare. Jasper and Durdles would have turned this wall in another instant; but, stopping so short, stand behind it.

"Those two are only sauntering," Jasper whispers; "they will go out into the moonlight soon. Let us keep quiet here, or they will detain us, or want to join us, or what not."

Durdles nods assent, and falls to munching some fragments from his bundle. Jasper folds his arms upon the top of the wall, and, with his chin resting on them, watches. He takes no note whatever of the Minor Canon, but watches Neville, as though his eye were at the trigger of a loaded rifle, and he had covered him, and were going to fire. A sense of destructive power is so expressed in his face, that even Durdles pauses in his munching, and looks at him, with an unmunched something in his cheek.

Meanwhile Mr. Crisparkle and Neville walk to and fro, quietly talking together. What they say, cannot be heard consecutively; but Mr. Jasper has already distinguished his own name more than once.

"This is the first day of the week," Mr. Crisparkle can be distinctly heard to observe, as they turn back; "and the last day of the week is Christmas Eve."

"You may be certain of me, sir."

The echoes were favorable at those points, but as the two approach, the sound of their talking becomes confused again. The word "confidence," shattered by the echoes, but still capable of being pieced together, is uttered by Mr. Crisparkle. As they draw still nearer, this fragment of a reply is heard: "Not deserved yet, but shall be, sir." As they turn away again, Jasper again hears his own name, in connection with the words from Mr. Crisparkle: "Remember that I said I answered for you confidently." Then the sound of their talk becomes confused again; they halting for a little while, and some earnest action on the part of Neville succeeding. When they move once more, Mr. Crisparkle is seen to look up at the sky, and to point before him. They then slowly disappear: passing out into the moonlight at the opposite end of the Corner.

It is not until they are gone, that Mr. Jasper moves. But then he turns to Durdles, and bursts into a fit of laughter. Durdles, who still has that suspended something in his cheek, and who sees nothing to laugh at, stares at him until Mr. Jasper lays his face down on his arms to have his laugh out. Then Durdles bolts the something, as if desperately resigning himself to indigestion.

Among those secluded nooks there is very little stir or movement after dark. There is little enough in the high-tide of the day, but there is next to none at night. Besides that the cheerfully frequented High Street lies nearly parallel to the spot (the old Cathedral rising between the two), and is the natural

channel in which the Cloisterham traffic flows, a certain awful hush pervades the ancient pile, the cloisters, and the churchyard, after dark, which not many people care to encounter. Ask the first hundred citizens of Cloisterham, met at random in the streets at noon, if they believed in Ghosts, they would tell you no; but put them to choose at night between these eerie Precincts and the thoroughfare of shops, and you would find that ninety-nine declared for the longer round and the more frequented way. The cause of this is not to be found in any local superstition that attaches to the Precincts—albeit a mysterious lady, with a child in her arms and a rope dangling from her neck, has been seen flitting about there by sundry witnesses as intangible as herself—but it is to be sought in the innate shrinking of dust with the breath of life in it, from dust out of which the breath of life has passed; also, in the widely diffused, and almost as widely unacknowledged, reflection: "If the dead do, under any circumstances, become visible to the living, these are such likely surroundings for the purpose that I, the living, will get out of them as soon as I can."

Hence, when Mr. Jasper and Durdles pause to glance around them, before descending into the crypt by a small side-door of which the latter has a key, the whole expanse of moonlight in their view is utterly deserted. One might fancy that the tide of life was stemmed by Mr. Jasper's own Gate-house. The murmur of the tide is heard beyond; but no wave passes the archway, over which his lamp burns red behind his curtain, as if the building were a Light-house.

They enter, locking themselves in, descend the rugged steps, and are down in the Crypt. The lantern is not wanted, for the moonlight strikes in at the groined windows, bare of glass, the broken frames for which cast patterns on the ground. The heavy pillars which support the roof engender masses of black shade, but between them there are lanes of light. Up and down these lanes, they walk, Durdles discoursing of the "old uns" he yet counts on disinterring, and slapping a wall, in which he considers "a whole family on 'em" to be stoned and earthed up, just as if he were a familiar friend of the family. The taciturnity of Durdles is for the time overcome by Mr. Jasper's wicker bottle, which circulates freely; in the sense, that is to say, that its contents enter freely into Mr. Durdles's circulation, while Mr. Jasper only rinses his mouth once, and casts forth the rinsing.

They are to ascend the great tower. On the steps by which they rise to the Cathedral, Durdles pauses for new store of breath. The steps are very dark, but out of the darkness they can see the lanes of light they have traversed. Durdles seats himself upon a step. Mr. Jasper seats himself upon another. The odor from the wicker bottle (which has somehow passed into Durdles's keeping) soon intimates that the cork has been taken out; but this is not ascertainable through the sense of sight, since neither can descry the other. And yet, in talking, they turned to one another, as though their faces could commune together.

"This is good stuff, Mr. Jasper!"

"It is very good stuff, I hope. I bought it on purpose."

"They don't show, you see, the old uns don't, Mr. Jasper!"

"It would be a more confused world than it is, if they could."

"Well, it would lead toward a mixing of things," Durdles acquiesces: pausing on the remark, as if the idea of ghosts had not previously presented itself to him in a merely inconvenient light, domestically, or chronologically. "But do you think there may be ghosts of other things, though not of men and women?"

"What things? Flower-beds and watering-pots! Horses and harness!"

"No. Sounds."

"What sounds?"

"Cries."

"What cries do you mean? Chairs to mend?"

"No, I mean screeches. Now, I'll tell you, Mister Jasper. Wait a bit till I put the bottle right." Here the cork is evidently taken out again, and replaced again. "There! Now it's right! This time last year, only a few

days later, I happened to have been doing what was correct by the season, in the way of giving it the welcome it had a right to expect, when them town-boys set on me at their worst. At length I gave 'em the slip, and turned in here. And here I fell asleep. And what woke me? The ghost of a cry. The ghost of one terrific shriek, which shriek was followed by the ghost of the howl of a dog; a long dismal woeeful howl, such as a dog gives when a person's dead. That was my last Christmas Eve."

"What do you mean?" is the very abrupt, and, one might say, fierce retort.

"I mean that I made inquiries everywhere about, and that no living ears but mine heard either that cry or that howl. So I say they were both ghosts; though why they came to me, I've never made out."

"I thought you were another kind of man," says Jasper, scornfully.

"So I thought, myself," answers Durdles with his usual composure; "and yet I was picked out for it."

Jasper had risen suddenly, when he asked him what he meant, and he now says, "Come; we shall freeze here; lead the way."

Durdles complies, not over-steadily; opens the door at the top of the steps with the key he has already used; and so emerges on the Cathedral level, in a passage at the side of the chancel. Here, the moonlight is so very bright again that the colors of the nearest stained-glass window are thrown upon their faces. The appearance of the unconscious Durdles, holding the door open for his companion to follow, as if from the grave, is ghastly enough, with a purple band across his face, and a yellow splash upon his brow; but he bears the close scrutiny of his companion in an insensible way, although it is prolonged while the latter fumbles among his pockets for a key confided to him that will open an iron gate so to enable them to pass to the staircase of the great tower.

"That and the bottle are enough for you to carry," he says, giving it to Durdles; "hand your bundle to me; I am younger and longer-winded than you." Durdles hesitates for a moment between bundle and bottle; but gives the preference to the bottle as being by far the better company, and consigns the dry weight to his fellow-explorer.

Then they go up the winding staircase of the great tower, toilomely, turning and turning, and lowering their heads to avoid the stairs above, or the rough stone pivot around which they twist. Durdles has lighted his lantern, by drawing from the cold hard wall a spark of that mysterious fire which lurks in every thing, and, guided by this speck, they clamber up among the cobwebs and the dust. Their way lies through strange places. Twice or thrice they emerge into level low-arched galleries, whence they can look down into the moonlit nave; and where Durdles, waving his lantern, shows the dim angels' heads upon the corbels of the roof, seeming to watch their progress. Anon, they turn into narrower and steeper staircases, and the night air begins to blow upon them, and the chirp of some startled jackdaw or frightened rook precedes the heavy beating of wings in a confined space, and the beating down of dust and straws upon their heads. At last, leaving their light behind a stair—for it blows fresh up here—they look down on Cloisterham, fair to see in the moonlight: its ruined habitations and sanctuaries of the dead, at the tower's base: its moss-softened red-tiled roofs and red brick houses of the living, clustered beyond: its river winding down from the mist on the horizon, as though that were its source, and already heaving with a restless knowledge of its approach toward the sea.

Once again, an unaccountable expedition this! Jasper (always moving softly with no visible reason) contemplates the scene, and especially that stillest part of it which the Cathedral overshadows. But he contemplates Durdles quite as curiously, and Durdles is by times conscious of his watchful eyes.

Only by times, because Durdles is grow-

ing drowsy. As aeronauts lighten the load they carry, when they wish to rise, similarly Durdles has lightened the wicker bottle in coming up. Snatches of sleep surprise him on his legs, and stop him in his talk. A mild fit of calenture seizes him, in which he deems that the ground, so far below, is on a level with the tower, and would as lief walk off the tower into the air as not. Such is his state when they begin to come down. And as aeronauts make themselves heavier when they wish to descend, similarly Durdles charges himself with more liquid from the wicker bottle, that he may come down the better.

The iron gate attained and locked—but not before Durdles has tumbled twice, and cut an eyebrow open once—they descend into the crypt again, with the intent of issuing forth as they entered. But, while returning among those lanes of light, Durdles becomes so very uncertain, both of foot and speech, that he half-drops, half-throws himself down, by one of the heavy pillars, scarcely less heavy than itself, and indistinctly appeals to his companion for forty winks of a second each.

"If you will have it so, or must have it so," replies Jasper. "I'll not leave you here. Take them, while I walk to and fro."

Durdles is asleep at once; and in his sleep he dreams a dream.

It is not much of a dream, considering the vast extent of the domains of dreamland, and their wonderful productions; it is only remarkable for being unusually restless, and unusually real. He dreams of lying there, asleep, and yet counting his companion's footsteps as he walks to and fro. He dreams that the footsteps die away into distance of time and of space, and that something touches him, and that something falls from his hand. Then something clinks and gropes about, and he dreams that he is alone for so long a time, that the lanes of light take new directions as the moon advances in her course. From succeeding unconsciousness, he passes into a dream of slow uneasiness from cold; and painfully awakes to a perception of the lanes of light—really changed, much as he had dreamed—and Jasper walking among them, beating his hands and feet.

"Holloa!" Durdles cries out, unmeaningly alarmed.

"Awake at last!" says Jasper, coming up to him, "Do you know that your forties have stretched into thousands?"

"No."

"They have though."

"What's the time?"

"Hark! The bells are going in the Tower!"

They strike four quarters, and then the great bell strikes.

"Two!" cries Durdles, scrambling up; "why didn't you try to wake me, Mister Jasper?"

"I did. I might as well have tried to wake the dead:—your own family of dead, up in the corner there."

"Did you touch me?"

"Touch you? Yes. Shook you."

As Durdles recalls that touching something in his dream, he looks down on the pavement, and sees the key of the crypt door lying close to where he himself lay.

"I dropped you, did I?" he says, picking it up, and recalling that part of his dream. As he gathers himself again into an upright position, or into a position as nearly upright as he ever maintains, he is again conscious of being watched by his companion.

"Well?" says Jasper, smiling, "Are you quite ready? Pray don't hurry."

"Let me get my bundle right, Mister Jasper, and I'm with you."

As he ties it afresh, he is once more conscious that he is very narrowly observed.

"What do you suspect me of, Mister Jasper?" he asks, with drunken displeasure. "Let them as has any suspicions of Durdles, name 'em."

"I've no suspicions of you, my good Mr. Durdles; but I have suspicions that my bottle was filled with something stiffer than either

of us supposed. And I also have suspicions," Jasper adds, taking it from the pavement, and turning it bottom upward, "that it's empty."

Durdles condescends to laugh at this. Continuing to chuckle when his laugh is over, as though remonstrant with himself on his drinking powers, he rolls to the door and unlocks it. They both pass out, and Durdles relocks it, and pockets his key.

"A thousand thanks for a curious and interesting night," says Jasper, giving him his hand; "you can make your own way home!"

"I should think so!" answers Durdles. "If you was to offer Durdles the affront to show him his way home, he wouldn't go home."

*Durdles wouldn't go home till morning,  
And then Durdles wouldn't go home,*

Durdles wouldn't. This, with the utmost defiance.

"Good-night, then."

"Good-night, Mister Jasper."

Each is turning his own way, when a sharp whistle rends the silence, and the jargon is yelped out:

*"Widdy widdy wen!  
I—let—chus—im—out—ar—ter—ten."  
Widdy widdy wy!  
Then—E—don't—go—then—I—shy—  
Widdy Widdy Wake-cock warning!"*

Instantly afterward, a rapid fire of stones rattles at the Cathedral wall, and the hideous small boy is beheld opposite, dancing in the moonlight.

"What! Is that baby-devil on the watch there!" cries Jasper, in a fury: so quickly roused, and so violent, that he seems another devil himself. "I shall shed the blood of that Impish wretch! I know I shall do it!" Regardless of the fire, though it hits him more than once, he rushes at Deputy, collars him, and tries to bring him across. But Deputy is not to be so easily brought across. With a diabolical insight into the strongest part of his position, he is no sooner taken by the throat than he curls up his legs, forces his assailant to hang him as it were, and gurgles in his throat, and screws his body, and twists, as already undergoing the first agonies of strangulation. There is nothing for it but to drop him. He instantly gets himself together, backs over to Durdles, and cries to his assailant, gnashing the great gap in front of his mouth, with rage and malice:

"I'll blind yer, s'elp me! I'll stone yer eyes out, s'elp me! If I don't have yer eyesight, bellows me!" At the same time dodging behind Durdles, and snarling at Jasper, now from this side of him, and now from that; prepared, if pounced upon, to dart away in all manner of curvilinear directions, and, if run down after all, to grovel in the dust, and cry: "Now, hit me when I'm down! Do it!"

"Don't hurt the boy, Mister Jasper," urges Durdles, shielding him. "Recollect yourself."

"He followed us to-night, when we first came here!"

"Yer lie, I didn't!" replies Deputy, in his one form of polite contradiction.

"He has been prowling near us ever since!"

"Yer lie, I haven't," returns Deputy. "I'd only just come out for my 'elth when I see you two a coming out of the Kinfredrel. If—"

*I—let—chus—im—out—ar—ter—ten"*

(with the usual rhythm and dance, though dodging behind Durdles), "it ain't my fault, is it?"

"Take him home, then," retorts Jasper, ferociously, though with a strong check upon himself, "and let my eyes be rid of the sight of you!"

Deputy, with another sharp whistle, at once expressing his relief, and his commencement of a milder stoning of Mr. Durdles, begins stoning that respectable gentleman home, as if he were a reluctant ox. Mr. Jasper goes to his Gate-house, brooding. And thus, as every thing comes to an end, the unaccountable expedition comes to an end—for the time.

